

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE DAISY FIELD.

A field of daisies white and green,
The fairest thing my eyes have seen—
A field of daisies that the sun
In silence lays his lips upon;
It is a pleasant place to play
From dawn to dark on a summer day,
Till the mower with a frown
Comes and cuts the daisies down.

O happy daisies, men have sung
A thousand years the fields among,
Have looked and loved and longed and
dared,
While you their joys and secrets
shared,
Nor you nor they have turned to see
The mower tolling ceaselessly.

Come, my beloved, it is day,
The mower still is far away.
Fear not—yet though we wander far
To lands where strangest wonders are.
To lands that only lovers see,
The mower strides as fast as we.

Fear not, for we shall dreaming lie
'Neath daisies, 'neath a summer sky,
Hearing life's murmurs overhead,
(Who knows what is it to be dead?)
Talking of all that we have seen
Up in the world of white and green,
And maybe, with a bated breath,
Saying, "'Tis life we fear, not death."

Sylvia Lynd.

The Nation.

A CASTLE OF DREAMS.

What is the tale that I love best?
Tell, O tell it at last for me,
Waves that wash the golden west
And that old castle by the sea.

*The clump of thrift that we carried home
Still blooms on our own gray wall for
me,*

*Bright as it nodded above the foam
In that old castle by the sea.*

There a tale that never was told
Echoes, and crowns with light for
me
Ruined towers on the sunset's gold
And crags that crumble over the sea.

A ruined castle where no one dwells,
A haunted castle of dreams for me,
And all around it sinks and swells
The thunder-music of the sea.

Behind it throng the fir-clad hills
Where many a song-bird built for
me,
And the deep ravines and the sparkling
rills
Of the little land by the western sea;

Glens of fern where I used to dream,
And all the dreamers dreamed for
me:

Whisper of wings and waves agleam
Shadow of boughs and shine of the
sea

Bound the poets in faery gold,
But none, but none so fair to me
As one dear tale that never was told
Of that old castle by the sea.

Yours the tale, and but half begun,
Cast aside; but it stands for me
Strong and sure in the noonday sun
And washed by the great eternal sea.

*Father, the page of your tale untold
Shines bright for your son, shines
bright for me,
As it shone for the child that was eight
years old,
A castle of dreams by the singing sea.*

The pink thrift nods on its crumbling
walls,
There are forests of flowers on its
cliffs for me,
And caverns below where the sea-tide
calls,
And white sails drifting out to sea,

And a grass-grown moat where the
children play!
Listen for me, listen for me;
For there do my childhood's feet still
stray
By the little paths above the sea,

Winding paths that end on the sky,
E'en as the tale half-told for me—
The dream that died and that cannot
die
Till the old gray castle sink in the
sea.

Alfred Noyes.

The Thrush.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is impossible to doubt that the division in the House of Lords at midnight on November 30, 1909, marks a very definite point in English political history. Five months have elapsed, a General Election has taken place, a new Parliament has assembled at Westminster, yet almost before the debate on the address to the King's Speech was concluded men were talking, as they have been doing ever since, of a new appeal to the electorate! Taxes voted by huge majorities in the late House of Commons have not been voted in this one, and in large part are not being collected, whilst the new House votes vast increases of the Estimates for the ensuing year, without any indication being given as to how the necessary revenue is to be provided. The non-reduction of the National Debt and the borrowing of sufficient to pay current expenses are the immediate measures to which the Government and the House of Commons have recourse in anticipation of a time when some one in some way or other will restore order to our financial system. The present spectacle is not one which "tends to edification"!

By their division the Peers had, of course, for the time being killed the Budget. But they had in fact done much more than that, for their action was bound to bring forward for practical solution questions of the deepest constitutional importance to the nation. Till these questions are satisfactorily dealt with there will be little political rest for England. Practical reform, much needed in various directions, will have to be postponed, whilst men give themselves to the unaccustomed work, not so much of repairing, as of reconstructing one of the branches of the Legislature.

When Mr. Lloyd George's measure,

after prolonged discussion and very considerable amendment in the House of Commons, at last reached the House of Lords the Peers had before them two courses. They might pass it with a strong protest, or they might reject it altogether. They may well have felt, and undoubtedly many of them did feel, that since the Budget only dealt with the proposed taxation to be raised within the year ending on April 1, and Christmas was then only a few weeks distant, no very revolutionary consequence could actually result from its passing. Further taxation would, of course, be regulated not by this Budget and this Chancellor of the Exchequer but by the Budgets and Chancellors of the Exchequer of future years. Moreover, at the time it was the common belief that in any case the Parliament would not last much longer, and that in the spring or summer of 1910 Mr. Asquith would dissolve. The Conservatives expressed great confidence that in a new House of Commons they would be in a majority, a result to which it was thought the irritation caused by the operation of the Budget would not a little conduce. The leaders of the Conservative party were pledged to the removal of the greater inequalities and injustices of the Lloyd George scheme, and there was therefore an excellent prospect that in proper constitutional fashion the Budget would shortly be revised by the only competent authority, without its having been necessary to have recourse to the extra-constitutional powers of the House of Lords. Hence, many of the more level-headed and experienced of the Peers would undoubtedly have preferred to pass the Budget to adopting the violent and unprecedented expedient of refusing to the Crown the supplies of the year.

As a party move the action of the

House of Lords may for the moment have been attended with success. Whether the step was wise or unwise in the greater interests of the nation will not for some time become clear. Neither party caucuses nor party newspapers can be expected to take long views, and there really seem to have been many simple people who supposed that nothing out of the common had taken place, that a new Budget, framed so as to meet the approval of the Peers, would be introduced and passed, and that then everything would go on as before. Already these pleasant anticipations have received a shock in the discovery that nothing has been settled, that something like temporary financial chaos has been reached, and that the prospect of stable government seems more remote than ever. In the remarkable debate in the House of Lords in November, upon which we commented last January, a good many individual Peers evidently saw clearly the danger of the course upon which the majority were bent. The powerful speeches of Lord Balfour, of Lord James, and of the Archbishop of York, were followed by the abstention from the division of men like Lord Rosebery, Lord St. Aldwyn, Lord Cromer and others, whose disapproval of the Budget did not blind them to all the consequences that would flow from its summary rejection.

Even now there are many who do not recognize that the claim of the House of Lords to accept or refuse at their own discretion the grants of supply made by the Commons, to and at the request of the Sovereign, is in fact a claim to *govern*. Students of foreign, of American and of Colonial Constitutions find provisions under which some, occasionally much, financial authority is vested in the "Senate." And forthwith, without apparently being the least aware of the utterly different conditions under which our Constitution works,

they are ready to concede to the House of Lords even more financial authority than in the last few months it has claimed! In America the Executive of the United States is independent of, because it does not derive its power from, Congress. The chief motive power that has of late impelled the action of the House of Lords with us is its desire to rid the country of an Executive Government to which it is politically opposed.

How is a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer to secure the support of a majority of a permanently Conservative House of Lords for his Budget? A Budget is an annual necessity. The imposition of taxes, the raising of additional revenue, is generally a thankless and unpopular duty. That the people at large will benefit by the taxation of the rich is difficult to establish. That Tariff Reformers can produce general prosperity by the imposition of import duties is hardly less of a delusion. Taxes, whether direct or indirect, are in themselves an evil, and make against general prosperity; but it is by taxes that revenue must be obtained. When Mr. Lloyd George tells us that he is the friend of the poor man because he is heavily taxing the rich one, or when Mr. Austen Chamberlain would have us believe that he will cure unemployment and make every trade and business spin by recurring to the exploded doctrines of Protection, we remain equally sceptical and unmoved. The only justification for taxation in such a country as ours is the necessity of revenue; and how that can be raised with least disturbance of private interests, and least injury to business, is the question our statesmen have to solve. A Budget which makes a heavy drain on the pockets of the public will generally be unpopular. A Ministerial majority often dwindles largely as such a measure struggles through the House of Commons. What chance will it have in

the future against a party majority of Peers in the other House, honestly convinced above all things that the greatest service they can render to the State is to destroy a Liberal Ministry, which they can do at once by refusing the supplies? Up to six months ago, it can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that every constitutional authority—statesman or writer—would have deemed the rejection by the House of Lords of the annual supplies voted by the House of Commons, a proceeding outside the practice of the Constitution. This, however, has been done, and now it is asserted that the House of Lords has, and ought both to have and to exercise, the authority hitherto denied to it. We do not ourselves share the opinion that it is mere "political pedantry" to treat with respect the constitutional views of a long line of British statesmen. But what impresses us at the present time far more than authority, even the highest, is the difficulty, nay the impossibility, of working our old system under the new conditions. Measures might easily be taken to safeguard the House of Lords against "tacking," but the claim now made on behalf of the Peers goes far beyond the assertion of their old and entirely reasonable objection to the addition by the House of Commons of non-financial and foreign matter to finance Bills with a view to ousting the Lords from their lawful and constitutional jurisdiction over ordinary non-financial measures.

To men practically conversant with our parliamentary system the possession of office and power by a Ministry which does not control the finances is hardly thinkable. Mr. Asquith last December, after the division in the House of Lords, had every right to resign. The Opposition had refused to his Ministry the supplies granted by the Commons. It then became the duty of those responsible for that refusal themselves to provide the means

for "carrying on the King's Government." The resignation of the Ministry would have made clear to the country the real issue that the House of Lords had raised—viz., who is to govern. Mr. Asquith, however, elected to go on in the expectation that in a few weeks a General Election would restore to him the financial authority of which he was temporarily deprived. The Budget rejected by the Peers on November 30 would be introduced at the earliest possible moment into the new House of Commons. The House of Lords had expressed its willingness to accept it at the hands of a House of Commons fresh from the constituencies, and thus at first sight it appeared that the financial authority of the Ministry, temporarily suspended, was to be at once restored to it.

This, however, was not to be, for in the new House of Commons the Prime Minister is not supported by an efficient majority, unless, besides his own following, he can count upon the assistance of two groups of members who owe him no allegiance—the Irish Nationalist party, and the Labor party. The result of the General Election had been to wipe out the large majority which orthodox Liberals possessed in the last Parliament over the followers of Mr. Balfour. In nine cases out of ten, it is true, the Labor members might be trusted to vote with the Liberals. Of the Irish Nationalists, however, it is notorious that many disliked the Budget. Negotiations took place with the result that the Budget, the immediate cause of the General Election, has not, so far, made its reappearance, and the Prime Minister himself within the last fortnight of the financial year has had to explain that the votes in supply, and the power given by Parliament of borrowing against them, enable him for the time being to pay his way; and that though it is highly desirable, as soon as is con-

venient, to place on the Statute Book the Finance Bill for 1909-10 there is no actual compulsion in the circumstances to require the passing the Budget at all!¹

The difficulties of Mr. Asquith's position have been great, and we certainly do not blame him or the Ministry for refusing to take the advice of their opponents to proceed with the Budget not as a whole, but bit by bit. This would be to recur to the practice abolished by Mr. Gladstone in 1860, and to put once more into the hands of the House of Lords a power of controlling the finances, which up to the date of the present controversy no party in the State ever dreamed of restoring to them. Where the action of the Ministry is much more open to criticism is in their determination to postpone the Budget in deference to the wishes, possibly the threats, of the Irish Nationalists. If the majority of the House of Commons are not in favor of the Asquith and Lloyd George Budget on its merits, the present Ministry ought not to remain in office; and it should be left to Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain to bring forward a budget of their own, or rather two budgets of their own—that for 1909-10, and that for 1910-11. A Government's first duty is to govern, and though it may be possible, as Mr. Asquith says, for a Ministry to make shift for a time without a Budget by means of borrowing in order to pay current expenses, it is surely essential to the reputable carrying on of the national business that expenditure should be balanced by revenue raised on principles laid down by Ministers of the Crown and approved by the representatives of the people. Mr. Asquith in December elected, rightly or wrongly, not to resign, but to dissolve on the Budget. That step having been taken, the second step

should have been at the earliest possible moment to ascertain whether the Budget had or had not the support of the new House of Commons. If not, it would be far better that Ministers should have at once resigned rather than that they should remain in office without the authority and the responsibilities which ought to belong to a Government. The policy of Ministerialists is accounted for by their desire to take up the question of the House of Lords. The financial control, recently claimed by that House, raises, as we have said, a question of urgent importance, and the sooner it is finally settled the better. As for the reconstitution of a Second Chamber on a new basis, or the general recasting of its powers as one of the branches of the Legislature, the whole subject deserves a great deal more consideration than it has yet received, and it is very undesirable in the public interest, however it may suit the exigencies of party, that it should be "rushed." There is no sufficient justification that we can see for the Government's postponing the regularization—indeed the rescue from chaos—of the national finances, in order not merely to settle the question of financial control, but in order at once to embark on a great constitutional struggle as to the composition and general functions of a Second Chamber.

What is the true interpretation of the late General Election? Some explain it one way, some another; each in accordance with his own wishes. And as in these days so much stress is laid upon what is called a "national mandate," before which Lords and Commons are alike expected to bow, doubt as to the meaning of the commands laid upon Parliament by the electorate cannot but produce dire confusion. Mr. Asquith at Oxford says that "the absolute veto," as he calls it, "of the Lords upon legislation must go." That was "the issue that was submitted to the

¹ Mr. Asquith at Oxford. *Times*, March 19, 1910.

electorate." Now is that the truth, or the whole truth, or indeed anything like the truth? Surely the merits and demerits of the Budget, the question of Protection versus Free Trade, the Navy scare, were of far greater interest to the electors than the Campbell-Bannerman or Asquith resolution about the so-called "Veto." There can be no doubt of this, if the speeches of candidates, election posters and literature, and articles in newspapers are evidence of general feeling. There is, it need scarcely be said, no connection whatever between belief in Free Trade and a desire to establish a single chamber Parliament for purposes of general legislation. It is, in truth, impossible to claim a final national verdict for any single one of the half-dozen important issues upon which, in January last, the electorate voted.

In these days when so much is being said about the "hereditary principle" as the basis of the House of Lords, and in the midst of all this talk about "mandates," we sometimes wonder what has happened to the "representative principle"—the supposed basis of the House of Commons. The nation has just elected, after a good deal of trouble, 670 gentlemen to represent it at Westminster. They are, we have not the least doubt, fully capable of performing that high and all-important function. A general election is neither a "plébiscite" nor a "referendum"—pieces of a constitutional machinery entirely foreign and opposed to English ways and habits of thought. It is the choice by the constituencies of responsible and self-respecting members of Parliament to do the political work of the nation. If we are to talk of "mandates" at all it is as well to remember that there is a general, if an implied, mandate given to every member of the House of Commons—viz., that he must look to the good government of the country. In any great crisis, the House of Com-

mons would, we trust, show itself worthy of its ancient fame. Its members are not merely counters in a party game; they are the selected of the nation which it is their duty to serve—an honorable service indeed, but one which may sometimes call for no little moral courage and even personal sacrifice. Probably the safest interpretation of the General Election is the one that is most general and least definite. In many districts of the Kingdom men are elected with reference solely to local questions; but looking very broadly at the whole United Kingdom one can hardly help concluding that the country is on the one hand less radical, less anxious for sweeping constitutional changes, than the Ministry of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George; and on the other hand is strongly opposed to the fiscal revolution advocated by the Tariff Reformers.

We hope that those who lead the House of Commons on the one side and the other are going to treat that assembly seriously—above all, that it is going to treat itself seriously as having been elected to take into consideration the affairs of the nation, and to give its confidence to statesmen capable of guiding the country in times certainly of difficulty, and perhaps of danger. It is not easy to believe that Parliament is to be dissolved, almost before it has been consulted; in order that on the same electoral register we may have a renewal of the struggle between Radical and Protectionist caucuses; whilst the country is to go on for an indefinite period without a Budget, with the finances in confusion, and all practical legislation postponed. What advantages would a second General Election in the present year bring to the nation? Is there any prospect of a Parliament strong enough either to trample under foot the Free Traders of the industrial North of England and of Scotland, or to sweep out of our con-

stitution every semblance of an effective Second Chamber? Changes of such magnitude ought not to be carried out unless there is a considerable preponderance of opinion in their favor. That this is not so the late General Election has shown. Surely our statesmen, Liberal or Conservative, would do well for the time to accept results, though somewhat negative in character, rather than plunge the country into fresh turmoil in the hope of something good "turning up" for the one party or the other.

At the late General Election, for the first time in English history Peers systematically took part in electioneering, behaving in every way as if they were themselves electors, and as if it were their duty to concern themselves in the choice of men to represent them in the House of Commons. Till very recent times it would have been impossible for a peer to come on to a candidate's platform during a contested election. Had some great Tory peer and county magnate ventured upon such a step in his own neighborhood, the democratic spirit of the electorate would in nine cases out of ten have been roused to such a pitch that the interference, as it would have been considered, with the business of the electors would have told most effectively against the great man's protégé. Readers of Trollope may possibly remember the famous county election where, though under the British Constitution neither peers nor women were entitled to take part, everyone in the county was aware that the contest was really waged between the Duke of Omnium and Miss Dunsstable. There never was a time when in fact the political support of a peer did not count for much at an election in his own neighborhood; but still a good deal of public deference was paid to the theory that the peer represented himself in the House of Lords; that the House of Commons and the House of

Lords were entirely separate and independent bodies, and that, inasmuch as electors had nothing to do with the House of Lords, the Peers ought to have nothing to do with the House of Commons. In England it is sometimes not quite easy to reconcile theory and practice. As regards the House of Commons the theory of representation always held; but nevertheless before 1832 the representation in fact of a large number of constituencies was in the hands of the King, or of Peers, or of some other private patron. The late Mr. James Lowther used to move year after year to rescind the standing order of the House of Commons intended to restrain the Peers from interfering in elections, urging that such a rule had become obsolete, and was, moreover, of no legal effect. Mr. Balfour always supported it, as amounting at least to a public declaration that the Peers and the electors had different and separate fields for their political activity; and it was not till the present Session that the House of Commons, under the leadership of Mr. Asquith, formally and unanimously abrogated it.

One result will certainly follow this new departure of the Peers and its approval by the House of Commons. If it is permissible, and becomes the practice, for them to take an active part in the elections, the House of Commons will be thrown open to such of them as are willing to stand and can secure the support of a constituency. It was a marked feature of the Peers' campaign that for the most part they were perfectly ready not to insist on their hereditary claims to legislate. They told us, indeed, in some cases with a most amusing self-complacency, that the statesmanlike virtues and the spirit of patriotic independence shone in the House of Lords with a brilliance quite unknown in "another place," where the members were little better than slaves to party, and the puppets

of the caucus. In this matter they failed to realize the feelings of the average elector. He also in his humble way has hereditary instincts; one of them being a preference for taxing himself through a representative whom he selects and may dismiss, to being taxed by superior persons over whom he has no control. Individually the Peers are popular; and the House of Lords has hitherto by virtue of the Constitution been saved from the disagreeable and unpopular duty which plays so large a part in the functions of the House of Commons—viz., the imposition of taxes. Should the House of Lords acquire authority to reject or mould Budgets, to favor indirect as against direct taxation, to lighten the burden on one class of the community and to increase it on another, it will rouse a spirit of resistance such as the Peers have never yet had to meet, and may make them wish they had left the taxes to the Commons.

In this rationalizing age it is impossible to justify to a public audience the soundness of a purely hereditary basis for a Legislative Assembly. In the multitude of Legislatures founded by Englishmen and their descendants in various parts of the world, the hereditary principle has found no place. In former times in England the House of Lords stood for a great fact. The magnates of whom it was composed possessed much power, to which fortunately the Constitution gave legitimate expression. It has been the signal merit of our Constitution that it has been capable of modification so as to keep abreast of the facts. In this twentieth century of ours Great Britain, like the United States, like Canada, and like our other great Colonies, can only be governed by the frank acceptance of democratic principles. We have to reconcile old forms with modern sentiment and habit of thought. Everywhere the theory that one man is as

good as another is recognized as lying at the base of modern constitutional systems. For instance, if the application of the principle of "one man one vote," is to be resisted, it must be by founding on the no less democratic principle of "one vote one value." The modern peer on the platform, nay, the House of Lords itself, to-day rests the defence of the Upper Chamber on the alleged fact that it is occasionally a truer representative of the British people—of its considered judgment and permanent wishes than is the House of Commons. Peers do not say, at least in terms, that they are wiser and therefore more likely to be right than the people. They ask for a "mandate" from the people, whom they believe they interpret more truly than the House of Commons. For the House of Lords also, Democracy is absolute king. The only question is how best to carry out the monarch's wishes.

There being apart from the financial issue so much agreement as to fundamentals between politicians of all parties, statesmanship should surely be able to find a way out of the present impasse. The time seems to have come for another step forward in the direction of democratizing our constitutional system and forms. Hitherto such advances have been made by reforming the House of Commons. On each occasion loud has been the clamor of those opposed to change. We were "on the brink of revolution." We were "Americanizing our Constitution." We were "shooting Niagara." We were talking about "our own flesh and blood." For our part we believe that the bringing the Constitution into conformity with modern facts and with the accepted political principles of our time is what has saved it, and makes it still live. As we have said, everywhere nowadays, and in the House of Lords itself, men accept Democracy. Yet the formal constitution of that

Chamber has remained unchanged. It reflects much credit on the good sense of the country and of the Peers themselves that a continually reformed House of Commons and an unreformed House of Lords should have been able to work so long side by side, and on the whole satisfactorily. It is now the turn of the House of Lords to be reformed in conformity with the necessities and ideas of our own time; and if English statesmanship is not very inferior to that of past days the country should ultimately get a Second Chamber far better suited than the present one to perform the very important functions that belong to it.

The conservative instincts of Englishmen are very strong. Otherwise the modern practice of the almost reckless creation of hereditary legislators would have broken down from its intrinsic absurdity. A man makes a large fortune and peculiarly assists his party; or he proves himself a good judge, or a competent general. He is made a peer forthwith; and to the end of time the descendants of the brewer, the lawyer, and the soldier are privileged to make laws for the British people! There is a sentiment and a glamor attached to the names of those who in the past have done the State some service. We gain a sense of the continuity of our history from the constant recurrence in our national life of generation after generation of our old families. Such sentiments are not to be despised. But after all no one proposes to bar the descendants of Peers from political life. They will no more disappear than did those country gentry whose doom Mr. Lowe so eloquently predicted in the Reform Bill struggles of 1866-1867. The opening of the House of Commons to Peers will very probably increase the part played in political life by the inheritors of great names. At the present time it would be easy to name a dozen highly competent men whose po-

litical career has been destroyed or stunted by the fact that their energies were confined to the field of the Upper House. It would be not less easy to name others—Sir Edward Grey is one—whose position and weight in the State would have been far less than it is, had they not been eligible to sit in the House of Commons.

It will be very unfortunate if political parties tend to divide themselves between friends of the House of Commons and friends of the House of Lords. The two Chambers have different functions to perform. No one can enter either without at once being struck by the difference. The House of Commons represents the nation in all its varieties and classes, rich and poor, Church and dissent, professional, agricultural, commercial, industrial. Popular discontent and general or local grievance there rightly find a voice. Whatever faults can be brought against its manners, and these are much exaggerated, no one can fail to see that the Assembly is instinct with life and power. In the composition of the House of Lords, on the other hand, there is evidently less variety. The social atmosphere is that of a West End Club. A sense of complacent satisfaction with the world as it is is all pervading. No one could suppose that popular discontent or grievance would make head or even gain attention in an assembly of such men. Even where dissatisfaction, discomfort, and political discontent prevail widely, indeed on an almost national scale, as in Ireland, no whisper of the prevalent feeling makes itself heard in the House of Lords. A Chamber in which no one feels or understands grievances will be long in trying to remedy those of which only a distant echo reaches the ear. Whatever changes may be in store for us the House of Commons will remain the exponent of national feeling. It

will continue to be the ultimate depository of national power; and it is there that the political energy of the foremost Englishmen of the day will find a field.

The function of the Second Chamber is a totally different one; and it is not infrequently, in our opinion, much misrepresented by those who pose as the friends of the House of Lords. To trust to that Chamber as a permanent bulwark against "Socialism," or the founding of a separate political nationhood in Ireland is to lean on a broken reed. What a Second Chamber should do for us is to give us time. When Mr. Gladstone sprang Home Rule on the country in 1886, the House of Commons, truly interpreting the national feeling, rejected it. His scheme was then kept concealed till, some six years later having a majority (though not a British one) behind him, he again showed his hand. Even then the proposal to dissolve the Union was disapproved by the majority of the representatives of Great Britain—the "predominant partner." The Bill was nevertheless forced through the House of Commons, largely undebated, by all the pressure that could be brought to bear by a Government daily at the mercy of Irish Nationalists. The House of Lords most rightly rejected the measure, thereby in all probability saving Ireland from civil war, and earning the gratitude and approval of the British people, as was made manifest even to Home Rulers at the next General Election. Nevertheless, no Unionist, at least assuredly no Liberal Unionist, would think of resting the permanent maintenance of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland on the anti-Home Rule sentiment of the House of Lords. To check, to revise, to amend, to debate, are the most useful duties which the Second Chamber has to perform. And the more it can exercise its functions independently of mere party

considerations the better it will serve the country.

The desirability of some Second Chamber is almost universally admitted. It has hitherto, however, been taken for granted that the House of Commons, not the House of Lords, should be supreme over the Executive, supporting or dismissing it; that it should be supreme also over finance, which indeed is involved in its control of the Government; and that it should bear the chief burden and responsibility in the work of legislation. Few of the great and wise measures introduced in the past half-century by Liberal Governments have found favor with the House of Lords; but when they came before it supported by the authority of Ministers of the Crown, including some of the most eminent men in their own House, and backed by decisive majorities of the House of Commons, the Peers did the best they could under the circumstances. For the most part they recognized the House of Commons as the exponent of the national will; and they modified, sometimes very usefully, what seemed to them the harsher or cruder or most violent portions of the reforms submitted to them. In constitutional theory the House of Commons and the House of Lords are indeed of co-equal authority in the ordinary business of legislation; but in practice for a very long time past the main responsibility for legislation has rested upon the Commons.

It is impossible to praise too highly the spirit with which, under the guidance of Lord Rosebery, the Peers have recently approached the subject of their own reform. Had his advice been listened to, severe critic though he was of the Budget, the House of Lords would never have made the mistake of rejecting that measure, and so playing into the hands of its most violent opponents, by claiming over finance a novel authority which it is quite im-

possible to allow them. The reform of the House of Lords is no new subject with Lord Rosebery. For the last quarter of a century he has seen that it was bound to come; and the increasing rapidity with which its numbers have been added to in recent years must, if it is to continue, very soon make it impossible to go on without a change. The events of the last four or five years have now made the reform of the House of Lords a question of the first necessity; and Lord Rosebery comes forward, in advance of the Government proposals, to invite the Peers themselves to take their case into consideration. Following his lead the House of Lords has declared the desirability of reform, and has passed three memorable resolutions.

1. That a strong and efficient Second Chamber is not merely an integral part of the British Constitution, but is necessary to the well-being of the State and to the balance of Parliament.

2. That such a Chamber can best be obtained by the reform and reconstitution of the House of Lords.

3. That a necessary preliminary of such reform and reconstitution is the acceptance of the principle that the possession of a peerage should no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

The third resolution was the only one upon which a division took place. It was opposed by Lord Halsbury and Lord Wemyss on the ground alleged by the former that no necessity for any change had been shown; and that it was monstrous to take away people's rights, at all events till a complete scheme of reform was brought forward. By a division of 175 to 17 the Peers approved the resolution, thus condemning the main principle upon which for very many centuries the Upper House of Parliament has rested—surely a significant sign of the times, marking the steady progress, even where it might be least expected, of democratic senti-

ment. It is easy for purposes of party controversy to make light of this action of the Peers; and to urge that the resolution they have accepted still leaves possible a Second Chamber composed exclusively of hereditary legislators. The division, none the less, shows the readiness of the Peers to give up those privileges that for generations have been associated with the Peerage, in order to obtain the more efficient Second Chamber which they think the nation needs. It can never be easy for the members of a privileged order to abandon for themselves and their posterity rights that have come to them from their ancestors. The Peers have assuredly shown no selfish desire to cling to their privileges. On the contrary they have approached the subject in a liberal and patriotic spirit which, in spite of the sneers and the jeers of many of the extremists amongst their opponents, deserves and will receive due recognition from the public.

It is well that the Peers should have shown in advance the attitude they are prepared to take as regards contemplated changes in the constitution—changes that would so greatly affect their own chamber; but it is needless to say that it is for the Government—the responsible advisers of the King—to think out and lay before Parliament for its consideration and that of the public the detailed measures for carrying into effect fundamental reforms in the parliamentary system. The House of Commons in the course of the forthcoming debates will be on its trial, fully as much as the House of Lords. It has to vindicate its own position as a national assembly, and to discuss far-reaching projects of reform on the merits, and from every point of view. If instead of this it behaves as the mere servant and instrument of the Executive Government of the day, it will deal to its own authority a far severer blow

than any that it is in the power of the House of Lords to inflict. It is the fear that the representative House will no longer act up to its old and its great traditions that is making so many people in the present day despair of the representative system altogether, and turn for help to "referendums," "plébiscites," and "written constitutions," which they vainly imagine would prove the salvation of the State from all the dangers that now threaten it.

The Prime Minister invites the House of Commons to resolve itself into a committee "to consider the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, and the duration of Parliament." In committee he intends to move three resolutions declaring the expediency of defining by statute the relations and powers of the two Houses as regards Money Bills, and other Bills, and limiting the duration of Parliament to five years. The two first resolutions are so important that we give them verbatim.

Money Bills. 1. That it is expedient that the House of Lords be disabled by law from rejecting or amending a Money Bill, but that any such limitation by law shall not be taken to diminish or qualify the existing rights and privileges of the House of Commons.

For the purpose of this resolution, a Bill shall be considered a Money Bill if in the opinion of the Speaker it contains only provisions dealing with all or any of the following subjects, namely—The imposition, repeal, remission, alteration, or regulation of taxation; charges on the Consolidated Fund, or the provision of money by Parliament; supply; the appropriation, control, or regulation of public money; the raising or guarantee of any loan, or the repayment thereof; or matters incidental to those subjects or any of them.

Such an enactment as is here proposed would hardly alter, if it altered it at all, modern constitutional usage. As to the Budget Bill, granting the sup-

plies for the year in a single Act—the system started by Mr. Gladstone after the dispute on the paper duties—there has never till now been any dispute at all. Till the action of the House of Lords last November statesmen of all parties accepted the modern practice, and would have deemed a departure from it by the House of Lords as almost "revolutionary." On the other hand, by the accepted practice of the constitution the Commons had no right to "tack" on to Money Bills matter unconnected with their main object; and if they did so the Lords might constitutionally reject such Bills. The House of Lords' own standing order declares that "the annexing of any clause or clauses to a Bill of aid or supply the matter of which is foreign to and different from the matter of the said Bill of aid or supply is unparliamentary, and tends to the destruction of the constitution of the government," thereby admitting that a Bill strictly confined to the grant of supply is within the sole jurisdiction of the House of Commons. And this has been the unbroken usage of the constitution.

On the second clause of the above resolution several important questions arise. It would be unfairly to discredit the honest intention of the authors of these resolutions to suppose that they desire anything else than a true interpretation of the words they themselves have chosen. The two Houses of Parliament at present naturally interpret for themselves their own standing orders. But to interpret the words of an Act of Parliament is not the business of either or both House of Parliament, but of his Majesty's judges. There is no doubt a strong and reasonable dislike on the part of Parliament to calling in the judges to decide questions of difference between the two Houses. If there were a written constitution, it would of course be interpreted, like other statutes, by

the Courts of Law. The proposal of the Government is that this particular statute framed by themselves to regulate the relations between the House of Lords and the House of Commons is to be interpreted not by an independent authority, but by one of the parties in difference—namely, by the House of Commons itself. The duty of the Speaker is to represent the House of Commons, to protect its privileges, and to assert its claims; not to act as an independent judge between the Chamber, whose servant he is, and some outside authority. What is really required is a species of "standing orders committee" composed of members of high standing in both Houses, say the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, and three others, to whom when a Bill is introduced (not after it has struggled laboriously through one House of Parliament) should be referred the question of its conformity to the rules prescribed. We see no intrinsic difficulty in providing for a proper interpretation of such regulations as Parliament is willing to lay down, though, of course, if statesmen, instead of endeavoring to settle things, prefer to prolong and intensify difficulty between the Houses, the interpretation clause of the first resolution gives them ample opportunity for so doing. With proper amendment of the second clause we think Parliament would do well to accept the substance of this resolution. We regret its necessity, but we doubt whether any Liberal Ministry of the last half-century would not have felt absolutely compelled, by the unfortunate action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Budget, to have recourse to some such measure to safeguard the long acknowledged and essential supremacy over finance and taxation of the House of Commons.

It is impossible to regard with equal favor the second of the proposed resolutions. It runs as follows:

Bills other than Money Bills. 2. That it is expedient that the powers of the House of Lords, as respects Bills other than Money Bills, be restricted by law, so that any such Bill which has passed the House of Commons in three successive sessions, and having been sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the session, has been rejected by that House in each of those sessions, shall become law without the consent of the House of Lords, on the Royal assent being declared; Provided that at least two years shall have elapsed between the date of the first introduction of the Bill in the House of Commons and the date on which it passes the House of Commons for the third time.

For the purpose of this resolution a Bill shall be treated as rejected by the House of Lords if it has not been passed by the House of Lords either without amendment or with such amendments only as may be agreed upon by both Houses.

With regard to resolution (1) the Government propose to enact by law what they contend with much plausibility to be already the usage of the constitution. As to resolution (2) there can of course be no pretence that it does not change fundamentally the parliamentary system which has always existed and still exists. The object is to abolish what is called in the inaccurate and inappropriate language of the day the "veto of the House of Lords." Each House has hitherto been an essential and effective branch of the Legislature. The two must co-operate in enacting in substance and detail every proposed measure before it can become law. It may originate either in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons; but the last House before which it comes is vested with far greater authority than the mere right of saying Yes or No to the legislative project of the first. Under resolution (2) the House of Commons is to possess the whole legislative power of the State, subject only to a

power left to the House of Lords to cause the delay of a couple of years before the enactment comes into force. This is undoubtedly a very long stride towards the establishment of a "single-chamber Parliament" in England. And Ministers of the Crown will have to make out a strong case of necessity before they can hope for the assent of the country to so mighty a change.

The Opposition in the House of Commons have met these resolutions by an amendment that "this House is willing to consider proposals for the reform of the constitution of the existing Second Chamber, but declines to proceed with proposals which would destroy the usefulness of any Second Chamber, however constituted, and would remove the only safeguard against great changes being made by the Government of the day, not only without the consent, but against the wishes of the majority of the electors."

Thus the action taken by the House of Lords, the resolutions moved in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Finlay's amendment on going into Committee upon them, make the official attitude of the two parties clear. Both regard our constitutional system as requiring reform. The Opposition would seek for this by improving the composition of the Second Chamber; the Government by simply limiting the functions of the House of Lords as it stands, and limiting them to such an extent as to give almost complete legislative authority to a majority, possibly a very temporary majority, of the House of Commons. We cannot doubt that the Opposition have taken a wiser line on this subject and one which commends itself far more to the traditions of British statesmanship, than that which has been adopted by the Ministry. The Government, it is true, does not profess a desire to set up a single-chamber system; and several members of the Cabinet have declared

very plainly that individually they look ultimately to a reformed Second Chamber as a permanent and important part of our parliamentary system. The country, however, must deal with the proposals of the Government as they stand—proposals which they are asking Parliament and the nation to adopt. It has to deal with them, moreover, with full knowledge that though the unrestrained omnipotence for all purposes of a majority of the House of Commons may be distasteful to some Liberal statesmen, it is ardently desired by an energetic portion of the Liberal party. The Government proposal is that our Second Chamber shall have no power to amend or reject any Bill which has the support of a majority of the House of Commons. It can delay it for two years, after which it is to "become law without the assent of the House of Lords." This is to give the House of Commons of the future an authority and power in the State which no House of Commons has ever yet enjoyed—an authority and power not merely over the House of Lords, but over the electorate itself. It will be able, for instance, by repealing Septennial and Quinquennial Acts, to prolong indefinitely its own existence. Indeed, so far as we can see, it will be entirely untrammelled, so long as it has two years to run, by any law whatever! The proposal is to substitute for our limited monarchy—King, Lords and Commons—an absolute monarchy accountable, except at its own sweet will, to nobody at all. Long live King Commons!

Are these proposals to be taken seriously? They may be intended merely to rally in the Lobby for a time a majority among whom there is the conspicuous absence of a common binding principle; and they should at least serve for the threshing out by parliamentary debate of some of the constitutional problems which the future has to face. Among statesmen, constitutional au-

thorities, and those whose opinions count much with their fellows, a single-chamber system has few friends. But of the extremists, to whom the inertness of moderate men too often surrenders the management of political machinery, this cannot be said. Still, on this subject the electors are themselves pretty well informed; and they know that in the very large number of Legislatures that have been established by Englishmen in various parts of the world the two-chamber system has everywhere been adopted. It is almost universal on the Continent of Europe, the example of Greece to the contrary not throwing much weight into the opposite scale.

We have, however, in our own country an historical precedent, of which possibly electors in the southern kingdom are hardly aware. For many centuries, and till the Union, the old Parliament of Scotland consisted of a single chamber, in which, as Andrew Fair-service put it, Lords and Commons used to sit together "cheek by jowl"—an arrangement to his mind of much convenience, since in the old days "they didna' need to hae the same blethers twice o'er again." But in our time the most patriotic of Scotsmen would be unwilling to search for lessons in parliamentary constitutionalism from the practice of the Scottish Estates before the "sad and sorrowful Union." Mr. Gladstone, when wishing to endow Ireland with a separate Parliament, proposed to constitute it of two Houses. The present Prime Minister has accepted our old constitutional arrangements for South Africa. And there can be no manner of doubt that were the present advisers of the King to propose in plain language that the Parliament of the United Kingdom should consist for the future of one chamber only they would be immediately repudiated by the country.

There are many reasons that seem to

make the existence of a good Second Chamber even more necessary than heretofore. Men have not forgotten the history of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills to which reference has already been made—the first rejected by the House of Commons because there were in that Assembly a certain number of statesmen and members of sufficient independence to stand by their principles even though it was necessary in so doing to oppose their old leader and sever themselves from their old party;—the second forced through the House of Commons almost behind the backs of the electorate, and then rightly rejected by the House of Lords, whose action was subsequently ratified at a general election. Since then individual independence in the House of Commons has been a diminishing quantity. More and more the party caucuses have come under central control, and more and more have they acquired the power of themselves controlling parliamentary representatives. The system carried to a high pitch of perfection in America was, when it was introduced and began to spread in this country, fiercely, but without much avail, denounced by Mr. W. E. Forster and other public-spirited men. The methods by which Bills are nowadays summarily forced through the House of Commons, large parts of them quite undiscussed, have still further tended to diminish public respect for that branch of the Legislature. We are not imputing blame to one party more than to the other for these things. But, whatever the reason may be, it can hardly be denied that the House of Commons has lost ground in recent years in general estimation. It is not easy to have patience with Englishmen who are without loyalty to the House of Commons as an institution, who are without pride in its glorious past, and who do not look forward to its continued life as the

chief element in the greatest of all Parliaments that the world has seen. But the times are certainly not opportune for removing from its absolute exercise of power all those checks upon hasty and ill-considered action which, though attended with some drawbacks, were found to be on the whole salutary even in the palmiest days of parliamentary government.

While, however, we are entirely in favor of an efficient Second Chamber, we cannot but feel the extremely difficult position in which any Liberal Government is placed by the existence of a permanently hostile party majority of the House of Lords constituted as it is to-day. As we have said, Mr. Asquith, in our opinion, is acting rightly and constitutionally in preserving intact the right of the House of Commons over the supplies of the year. The unfortunate position taken up by the House of Lords on this subject has weakened their defence of legislative rights and privileges that have never hitherto been questioned. These unquestioned rights over ordinary legislation have of late undoubtedly been exercised with a very high hand; and a Liberal Ministry supported by the country and the House of Commons may well ask if it is to be permanently disabled by a majority in the House of Lords from passing its measures into law. The large increase in the number of Peers has a good deal changed the character of that assembly, and has probably weakened its sense of responsibility. The Liberals not only make an insignificant appearance in the Division Lobby, they are hopelessly overpowered in debate. This is a great change from those comparatively recent days when a large proportion of the statesmen of experience in the House of Lords sat on the Liberal side. There is now no group of statesmen in hereditary and personal sympathy with Liberal aspirations to

exercise some power of persuasion even over the inborn Conservatism of the majority of Peers. No one takes the place of Lord Granville, or Lord Spencer, or Lord Kimberly. Not long before his death the Duke of Devonshire played the part of sagacious adviser to the House of Lords in the difficulty that arose over the Education Bill, and had his advice been taken a reasonable compromise might have been arrived at. It was in this way that again and again parliamentary deadlock was avoided. But now the moderate element in the House of Lords seems to be as incapable of modifying the Conservative partisanship of the majority as are the moderate Liberals in the House of Commons of moderating the extravagance of extreme Radicals.

In spite of all the violence and exaggeration of rival politicians, and the ringing denunciations of the party press, there is probably a considerable consensus of opinion among quiet people as to the kind of remedy to be sought for an unsatisfactory state of things. After deducting some bad language and much platform exaggeration, it is possible to see a good deal of common ground between thinking men on both sides as to the needs of the Constitution. A single-chamber system is almost out of court. On the other hand, very few wish for a Second Chamber strong enough to resist the considered judgment of the nation as represented in the House of Commons. It is agreed that some reconsideration and revision by a Second Chamber is desirable. It is felt, even outside the limits of the Liberal party, that the House of Lords lags behind the times, and expresses far too exclusively the views and feelings of limited classes of the community. The hereditary principle upon which it rests strikes multitudes of Englishmen as an interesting historical survival unsuited to present conditions and ways of

thought, and, indeed, as almost grotesque in its absurdity. The small number of Peers who take their duties seriously and perform them regularly compared with the crowd that throngs the lobbies on some special occasion, when perhaps their own interests are largely involved, creates among the people a wide and very unfavorable impression. Then its strong partisanship gives it in the public eye the appearance of a mere instrument of the Conservative caucus, and this in the long run tells against its character and reputation. From all these things the prestige of the House of Lords suffers; but they are certainly not the necessary concomitants of a Second Chamber.

In the very able speech of the Prime Minister on March 29 introducing his resolutions, and in the very able reply of Mr. Balfour, who followed him in debate, we see a good deal of evidence that the ultimate objects at which the two rival statesmen are aiming are not necessarily very dissimilar. The recent action taken of the House of Lords is the fullest admission of the unsatisfactory character of that chamber as at present constituted. Had the majority of Peers agreed with Lord Halsbury and Lord Wemyss we should almost have despaired of a rational termination of the controversy. But the House of Lords by an immense majority decided against them, and declared for Lord Rosebery and reform. It is sufficiently clear that a way out of our present constitutional difficulties can only ultimately be arrived at through some kind of compromise. It is not our English habit to carry great reforms by violence; and there is no kind of excuse for it in present circumstances. The notion that the Prime Minister will advise the King to create four or five hundred Peers may be dismissed. It is hardly conceivable that any Prime Minister, and certainly not the present one, should wish to

make his Sovereign, his Government, and himself ridiculous in the eyes of all men by recommending a step of revolutionary violence which, instead of settling anything, would serve only to increase the confusion!

History has approved the action taken in 1832 by Lord Grey and the King. Lord Grey did not advise the step till everything else had failed, and even then he strove so to act as to do the least possible violence to constitutional usage. The threat proved sufficient, saved the country from revolution, and enabled it to pursue in peace the paths of orderly progress. Several of Lord Grey's Ministry, more radical than their chief, had for some time been warmly pressing upon him recourse to the Royal Prerogative. Lord Durham in particular (the "Radical Jack" of the Reform era) had in December 1831 written to Lord Grey strongly advising a sufficient creation of Peers even before the Bill (the Second Reform Bill) had reached the House of Lords. Again, in the erroneous belief that the Peers would reject that Bill on the second reading, he pressed upon his chief a large creation, to the point almost of his own resignation; and Lord Althorp shared his opinions. But the responsibility weighed more heavily on the shoulders of the Prime Minister than of those of his more advanced colleagues; and no wise man now blames Lord Grey for his unwillingness, till the necessity was proved, to threaten one of the independent branches of the Legislature with the exercise of the Royal Prerogative.

Whatever may be the result of attempts to limit the authority of the House of Lords, it is made tolerably certain by the debates that have taken place in and out of Parliament that its composition will before long be greatly modified. We hear a good deal about the difficulty of constructing Second Chambers. Such work certainly ought

not to be undertaken without the utmost care and deliberation. But after all it is a difficulty that has often been surmounted elsewhere. Cromwell felt strongly the need of a Second Chamber "as a check or balancing power" on the First. But it was the misfortune of that great and wise ruler that, his power having originated in violence, he was heavily handicapped in the work of building up permanent institutions for the people. By our constitutional machinery of the present day much may be effected which in

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other times, and in other countries, would have been impossible. Most assuredly British statesmanship need not quail before the task of discovering a sounder and more suitable principle for the construction of a Second Chamber in these democratic days than the one upon which the House of Lords now rests. We see great reason to hope that our present controversies will result in practical reforms, which will add to the usefulness and the dignity of parliamentary government.

THE IMMORTAL NIGHTINGALE.

Never is earth more empty of life than during the early days of March before the first of the migrants have returned to us. The brighter sun serves only to show the nakedness of nature and make us conscious of its silence. For since the autumn, through all the cold, hungry winter months, the destroyer has been busy among the creatures that stayed behind when half the bird population forsook the land; the survivors now seem but a remnant. To-day, with a bleak wind blowing from the north-east, the sun shining from a hard pale gray sky, the wide grass and ploughed fields seem emptier and more desolate than ever, and tired of my vain search for living things I am glad to get to the shelter of a small isolated copse, by a tiny stream, at the lower end of a long sloping field. It can hardly be called a copse since it is composed of no more than about a dozen or twenty old wide-branching oak trees growing in a thicket of thorn, hazel, holly, and bramble bushes. It is the best place on such a day, and finding a nice spot to stand in, well sheltered from the wind, I set myself to watch the open space before me. It is shut in by huge disordered brambles, and might very well tempt any living creature with

spring in its blood, moving uneasily among the roots, to come forth to sun itself. The ground is scantily clothed with pale dead grass mixed with old fallen leaves and here and there a few tufts of dead ragwort and thistle. But in a long hour's watching I see nothing;—not a rabbit, nor even a wood-mouse, or a field or bank vole, where at other seasons I have seen them come out, two or three at a time, and scamper over the rustling leaves in pursuit of each other. Nor do I hear anything; not a bird nor an insect, and no sound but the whish and murmur of the wind in the stiff holly leaves and the naked gray and brown and purple branches. I remember that on my very last visit this same small thicket teemed with life, visible and audible; it was in its spring foliage, exquisitely fresh and green, sparkling with dewdrops and bright with flowers about the roots—ground ivy, anemone, primrose and violet. I listened to the birds until the nightingale burst into song and I could thereafter attend to no other. For he was newly arrived, and although we have him with us every year, invariably, on the first occasion of hearing him in spring, the strain affects us as something wholly new in our experience, a

fresh revelation of nature's infinite richness and beauty.

I know that in a few weeks' time he will be back at the same spot; in this case we do not say "barring accidents"; they are not impossible, but are too rare to be taken into consideration. Yet it is a strange thing! He ceased singing about June 20, nearly nine months ago; he vanished about the end of September; yet we may confidently look and listen for him in about six weeks from to-day! When he left us, so far as we know, he travelled, by day or night, but in any case unseen by even the sharpest human eyes, south to the Channel and France; then on through the whole length of that dangerous country of little bird-eating people; then across Spain to another sea; then across Algeria and Tripoli to the Zahara and Egypt, and, whether by the Nile or along the shores of the Red Sea, on to more southern countries still. He travels his four thousand miles or more not by a direct route, but now west and now south, with many changes of direction until he finds his winter home. We cannot say just where our bird is; for it is probable that in that distant region where his six months' absence are spent the area occupied by the nightingales of British race may be larger, perhaps two or three times as large, as this island. The nightingale that was singing in this thicket eleven months ago may now be in Abyssinia, or in British East Africa, or in the Congo State.

And even now at that distance from his true home—this very clump where the sap is beginning to move in the gray naked oaks and brambles and thorns, something stirs in him too: not memory nor passion perhaps, yet there may be something of both in it—an inherited memory and the unrest and passion of migration, the imperishable and overmastering ache and desire which will in due time bring him safely back

through innumerable dangers over that immense distance of barren deserts and of forests, of mountain and seas, and savage and civilized lands.

It is not strange to find that down to the age of science, when the human mind had grown accustomed to look for the explanation of all phenomena in matter itself, an exception was made of the annual migration of birds, and the belief remained (even in Sir Isaac Newton's mind) that the impelling and guiding force was a supernatural one. The ancients did not know what became of their nightingale when he left them, for in Greece, too, he is a strict migrant, but his re-appearance year after year, at the identical spot, was itself a marvel and mystery, as it still is, and they came inevitably to think it was the same bird which they listened to. We have it in the epitaph of Callimachus, in Cory's translation:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me
you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear
and bitter tears to shed;
I wept when I remembered how often
you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent
him down the sky.
And now that you are lying, my dear
old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago
at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy night-
ingales, awake.
For death he taketh all away, but these
he cannot take.

It is possible to read the thought in the original differently, that immortality is given to the song, not the bird. As one of my friends who have made literal translations for me has it: "Yet thy nightingale's notes live, whereon Hades, ravisher of all things, shall not lay a hand," or "But thy nightingales (or nightingales' songs) live; over these Hades, the all-destroyer, throws not a hand."

Keats, too, plays with the thought
in his famous ode:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee
down;

The voice I hear this passing night was
heard

In ancient days by emperor and
clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found
a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when
sick for home

She stood in tears amid the alien
corn;

The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening
on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-
lorn.

His imagination carries him too far, since the "self-same song" or the song by the same bird, could never be heard in more than one spot—at Hampstead, let us say; for though he may travel far and spend six months of every year in Abyssinia or some other remote region, he sings at home only. Of all the British poets who have attempted it, George Meredith is greatest in describing the song which has so strong an effect on us; but how much greater is Keats who makes no such attempt, but in impassioned stanza after stanza of the supremest beauty, renders its effect on the soul. And so with prose descriptions; we turn wearily from all such vain efforts to find an ever-fresh pleasure in the familiar passage in Izaak Walton, his simple expressions of delight in the singer "breathing such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased."

The subject of the nightingale's superiority as a singer does not, however, now concern us so much as its distribution in England, and its return each year to the same spot. To this small isolated thicket, let us say, the very

bird known here in past years, now away perhaps in Abyssinia, will be here again about April 8—alone, for he will not brook the presence of another one of his species in his small dominion, and the female with which he will mate will not appear until about a week or ten days later.

How natural, then, for the listener to its song to imagine it the same bird he has heard at the same place in previous years! Even the oldest rustic, whose life has been passed in the neighborhood, who as a small boy robbed the five olive-colored eggs every season to make a "necklace" of them with other colored eggs as an ornament for the cottage parlor; whose sons took them in their childhood for the same purpose, and whose grandchildren perhaps rob them now—even he will think the bird he will listen to by-and-bye the same nightingale of all these years. But this notion is, no doubt, strongest in those parts of the country where the bird is more thinly distributed. Here, on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire, we are in the very heart of the nightingale country, and in these localities where two birds are frequently heard singing against each other and are sometimes seen fighting, it might be supposed that when the bird inhabiting a particular copse or thicket comes to an end, another will quickly take the vacant place. The three counties of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent abound most in nightingales; they are a little less numerous in Sussex and Berkshire; but these five counties (or six if we add Buckinghamshire) undoubtedly contain more nightingales than all the rest of England together. The Bird, coming to us by way of France, travels north, each to his ancestral place, the majority finding their homes in the south of England, on its south-eastern side; the others going north and west are distributed more thinly. On a map colored red to show

the distribution, the counties named above would show the deepest color over a greater part of the entire area; while north and west there would be a progressive decrease in the depth over the south-western counties, the home counties north of the Thames, the Midlands, East Anglia, and north to Shropshire and South Yorkshire, where it would disappear. And on the west side of England it would finish on the Welsh border and in East Devon. In all of Devonshire west of the valley of the Exe, with Cornwall; in practically all Wales, and Scotland and Ireland, there are no nightingales.

It is a singular distribution, a puzzling one; for why is it that the blackcap, garden warbler, wood-wren, and other delicate migrants who come to us by the same route extend their range so much further north and west? We can only say that the nightingale's range is more restricted, but not by climatic conditions, and that he is more *local*; in other words, that we don't know. Some have imagined that he is a delicate feeder and goes only where he can find the food that pleases him; others, that he inhabits where cowslips grow kindly; still others, that he seeks a spot where there is an echo. These are but a few of many fancies and fables about the nightingale.

Not only is it a singular distribution, but in a way unfortunate, since every one would like to hear the nightingale—the summer voice which has, over and above the pleasing associations of the swallow and cuckoo and turtle-dove, an intrinsic beauty surpassing that of all other bird voices. As it is, a large majority of the population of these islands never hear it. In districts where it is thinly distributed, as in Somerset and East Devon, there will be perhaps only one nightingale in an entire parish, and the villagers will be proud of it and perhaps boast that they are better

off than their neighbors for miles around.

I was staying one late April at a village near the Severn when one Sunday morning the working man I was lodging with informed me that he had heard of the arrival of their nightingale (there was but one), and together we set out to find it. He led me through a wood and over a hill, then down to a small thicket by a running stream, about two miles from home. This was, he said, the exact spot where he had heard it in previous years; and before we had stood there five minutes, silently listening, we were rewarded by the sound we had come for, issuing from a thorny tangle not more than a dozen yards away—a prelusive sound almost startling in its suddenness and power, as of vigorous, rapidly repeated strokes on a great golden wire.

And as in this one, so it is in hundreds of parishes all over the country where the nightingale is thinly scattered. Each home of the bird is known to every man in the parish; he can find it easily as, when thirsty, he can find the spring of clear water hidden away somewhere among the rocks and trees of his native place; and the song, too, is a fountain of beautiful sound, crystal, pure and sparkling, as it gushes from the mysterious inexhaustible reservoir, refreshing to the soul and a joy for ever.

The loss of one of these nightingales where there is but one, is a sorrow to the villagers, especially to the young lovers, who are great admirers of the bird and take a peculiar delight in listening to its evening performance. For it does sometimes happen that the nightingale whose "solitary song" is the delight of a village, disappears from his place and returns no more. The only explanation is that the faithful bird has at length met with his end, after a dozen or twenty years, or as many

years as any old man can remember. The most singular case of the loss of a bird I have come across was in East Anglia, in a place where there were very few nightingales. In my rambles I came to a little rustic village, remote from railroads and towns, which has a small, ancient, curious-looking church standing by itself in a green meadow half a mile away. I was told that the rector kept the key himself, and that he was something of a recluse, a studious learned man, Doctor of Divinity, and so on.

Accordingly I went to the rectory, a charming house standing in its own extensive grounds with lawns, shrubbery, large garden and shade trees, and a wood or grove of ancient oaks separating it from the village. I found the rector digging in his garden and could not help seeing that he was not too well pleased at my request; but when I begged him not to leave his task and promised to bring back the key, if he would let me have it, he threw down his spade and said "No, he must accompany me to the church himself as there were points about it which would require to be explained."

There were no monuments, and when we had looked at the interior and he had pointed out the most interesting features, he came out and sat down in the porch.

"Are you an archæologist or what?" he said.

I replied that I was nothing so important, that I merely took an ordinary interest in old churches. I was mainly interested in living things—a sort of naturalist.

Then he got up and walked back. "In birds"? he asked presently.

"Yes, especially in birds."

"And what do you think about omens—do you believe in them?"

The question made me curious, and I replied with caution that I would tell him if he would first tell me the par-

ticular case he had in his mind just then.

He was silent; then when we had got back to the rectory he took me round the house to where a large French window opened on the lawn and a shrubbery beyond. "This," he said, "is the drawing-room, and my wife, who was very delicate, used always to sit there behind the window on account of the aspect. We had a nightingale then; we had always had him since I came to this parish many years ago. He was a most beautiful singer, and every morning, as long as the singing time lasted, he would perch on that small tree on the edge of the lawn, directly before the window, and sing for an hour or two at a stretch. We were very proud of our bird and thought him better than any nightingale we had ever heard. And he was the only one in the neighborhood; you would have had to go a mile to find another.

"One morning about eleven o'clock I was writing in my study at the other side of the house, when my wife came in to me looking pale and distressed, and said a strange thing had happened. She was sitting at her work behind the closed window when a little bird had dashed violently against the glass; then it had flown a little distance away and, turning, dashed back against the glass as at first; and again it flew off, only to turn and strike the glass even more violently than before; then she saw it fall fluttering down and feared it had injured itself badly. I went quickly out to look, and found the bird, our nightingale, lying gasping and shivering on the stone step beneath the window. I picked it up and held it to the air in my open hand; but in two or three seconds it was dead.

"I lost my wife shortly afterwards. That was five years ago, and from that time we have had no nightingale here."

It was not strange that the tragedy of the little bird had made a very deep

impression on him; that the death of his wife coming shortly afterwards had actually caused him to think there was something out of the natural in it. But I could not say that I was of his opinion, though I could believe that the acute distress she had suffered at witnessing such a thing, and possibly the effect of thinking too much about it, had aggravated her malady and perhaps even hastened her end.

For the rest, the accident to the nightingale, which deprived the rectory and the village of its singer, is not an uncommon one among birds; our windows as well as our overhead wires are a danger to them. I have seen a small bird on a good many occasions dash itself against a window-pane; and, in one instance, at a country house in Ireland, the bird, a chiffchaff, came violently against my bedroom window twice when I stood in the room watching it. The attraction was a fly crawling up the pane inside. But this explanation does not fit the case of the nightingale with other cases I have observed; he is not like the warblers and the pled wagtail (a frequent striker against window-glass) a pursuer of flies. No doubt birds are sometimes dazzled and confused, or hypnotized by the glitter of the glass with the sun on it, and in this case the singing-bush of the bird was directly before the window, at a distance of twenty-five to thirty feet. The singer, motionless on his perch, had looked too long on it, and the effect was such that even after two hurting-blows on the glass his little brain had not recovered from its twist. Then came its third and fatal blow.

To return to the subject of the nightingale's curious distribution in England. The facts appear to show that practically the species is stationary with us; that it remains strictly within the old limits and in about the same numbers. Bird-catchers, birds'-nesting

boys, and cats extirpate them round the towns; but, taking the whole country, we do not observe any great changes, such as we note in some other migrants—the swallow and martin, for example, and, among warblers, to name only one, the lesser whitethroat. The conclusion would seem to be that each season's increase is just sufficient to make good the annual losses from all natural causes and from man's persecution; that every bird returns to the exact spot where it was hatched, and that no new colonies are formed or the range extended.

The practical question arises: Would it not make a difference if the annual destruction through human agency could be done away with? I believe it would. Each cock nightingale, we find, takes possession of his own little domain on arrival, and, like his relation, the robin, will not allow another to share it with him; so that if two or more males of a brood, or family, survive to return to the same spot, one presently makes himself master, and the other or others, driven away, settle where they can, as near by as possible. It is probably harder for the nightingale to go a mile away from his true home, the very spot where he was hatched and reared, than to fly away thousands of miles to his wintering place in the autumn. The bird is exceedingly reluctant to leave his home, but if the annual increase was greater, a third greater let us say, more and more birds would be compelled to go further afield. They would go slowly, clinging to unsuitable places near their cradle-home rather than go far, but the continual pressure would tell in the end; the best places within the nightingale country, the ten thousand oak and hazel copses and thickets which are now untenanted, would be gradually occupied, and eventually the limits would be enlarged. That they cannot be extended artificially we know

from the experiments in Scotland of Sir John Sinclair and of others in the north of England, who procured nightingales' eggs and had them placed in robins' nests. The young were hatched and safely reared, and, as was expected, disappeared in the autumn, but they never returned. We can only assume that the "inherited memory" of its true home, which was not Scotland nor Yorkshire, but where the egg was laid, was in every bird's brain from the shell, that if it ever survived to return from its far journey it came faithfully back to the very spot where the egg had been taken.

That man's persecution tells seriously on the species may be seen from what has happened on the Continent, even in countries where the hateful custom of eating nightingales with all small birds is unknown, but where it is greatly sought after as a cage bird. Thus in Southern Germany the nightingales have been decreasing for very many years, and are now generally rare and have been wholly extirpated in many parts. With us, too, the drain on the species has been too heavy; it is, or has been, a double drain—that of bird's-nesting boys and of the bird-catchers.

With regard to the first, there is unfortunately no sentiment or superstition concerning the nightingale as, in the case of his cousin, the redbreast—"yellow autumn's nightingale," as it was beautifully called by one of the Elizabethan poets. How effective such a sentiment can be I have witnessed scores of times when I have found that even the most thoroughgoing nest robbers among the village children are accustomed to spare the robin's, because, as they say, something bad will happen to them, or their hand will wither up, if they harry its nest. The nightingale's eggs, like those of the throistle and shuffewing and Peggie white-throat, are taken without a qualm;

they are, indeed, more sought after than others on account of their beauty and unusual coloring and because they are less common.

I believe that the increase of the birds each summer would be about a third more than it is but for the loss from this cause alone.

The destruction caused by the bird-catcher is not nearly so serious now as it has been, even down to the sixties of the last century, when a single London bird-catcher would trap his hundred or two hundred cock nightingales on the birds' arrival. And this drain had gone on for centuries; at all events, we find that as far back as Elizabethan times the nightingale was eagerly sought after as a cage bird. Willoughby, the "Father of British Ornithology," in his account of the bird, gives eight times as much space to the subject of its treatment in a cage as to its habits in a state of nature.

The cost to a species of caging is probably greater in the case of the nightingale than of any other songster. It is well known that if the bird is taken after it has paired—that is, immediately after the appearance of the females, a week or ten days later than the males—it will quickly die of grief in captivity. Those taken before the female appear on the scene may live on to the moulting time, which almost always proves fatal. Scarcely one in ten survives the first year of captivity.

We may congratulate ourselves that it is no longer possible for nightingales to be taken in numbers in this country, thanks to the legislation of the last fifteen years, chiefly to Sir Herbert Maxwell's wise Act empowering the local authorities to give additional protection to wild birds and their eggs in counties and boroughs. It has been a long fight to save our wild birds, and is far from finished yet, seeing that the law is broken every day; that bird-dealers and their supporters the bird-

fanciers, and their servants the bird-catchers, who take the chief risk, are in league to defeat the law. Also that very many country magistrates deal tenderly with offenders so long as they respect "game." A partridge, and probably a rabbit, is of more consequence to the sportsman on the bench than a small, plain brown bird, or than many linnets and goldfinches. The law, we know, is effectual when it has a strong public feeling on its side; the feeling is not yet universal and nowhere strong enough, or as strong as bird-lovers would wish it to be, but it exists and has been growing during the last half a century, and that feeling, supported by the improved laws which it has called into being, is having its effect. This we know from the increase during recent years in several of the greatly persecuted species. The goldfinch is a striking example. The excessive drain on this species, one of the favorites of the lover of birds in cages, had made it exceedingly rare throughout the country twenty years ago, and in many counties it was, if not extinct, on the verge of extinction. Then a turn came and a steady increase until it has ceased to be an uncommon bird, and if the increase continues at the same rate for another decade it will again be as common as it was fifty years ago. This change has come about as a direct result of the Orders giving it all the year round protection, obtained by the county and borough councils throughout the country.

The nightingale has not so increased, nor has it increased at all; it is not so hardy a species, and albeit an "immortal bird," and a "creature of ebullient heart," it probably does not live nearly as long as our brilliant little finch. Nor is it so prolific; moreover it nests upon or near the ground at the same spot year after year, so that its breeding-place is known to every human being in the neighborhood, and on this ac-

count it is more exposed to the depredations of the nest-robber than most small birds. The increase of such a species, which must in any case be exceedingly slow, can only come about by the fullest protection during the breeding time. That is to say, protection from human destroyers; from wild animals and other destructive agencies we cannot protect it.

This infers a considerable change in the nature or habits of the country boy, or the growth of a new sentiment with regard to this species which would be as great a protection to it as the sentiment about our tame, familiar, universal robin has been to that bird. But it is not a dream. I believe this change is being wrought now in our "young barbarians" of the countryside; that it is being brought about in many ways by means of various agencies—by an increased and increasing number of lovers of animals and of nature, who in towns and villages form centres of personal influence; by associations of men and women, such as the Bird Protection, the Selborne, and kindred societies; by nature study in the schools throughout the rural districts, and by an abundant supply of cheap nature literature for children. So cheaply are these books now produced that the very poorest children may have them, and though so cheap they are exceedingly good of their kind—well written, well printed, well and often very beautifully illustrated. I turn over a heap of these publications every year and sigh to recall the time when I was a "young barbarian" myself and had no such books to instruct and delight me.

But I have another and better reason than the fact of the existence of all these activities for my belief that a change is taking place in the country boy's mind, that his interest and pleasure in the wild bird is growing, and that as it grows he becomes less destructive. A good deal of my time is

passed in the villages in different parts of the country; I make the acquaintance of the children and get into the confidence of many small boys and find out what they do and think and feel about the birds, and it is my experience that in recent years something new has come into their minds—a sweeter, humaner feeling about their feathered fellow-creatures. I also take into account the spirit which is revealed in the village school children's essays, written for the Bird and Tree competitions established by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. During the last four or five years I have had to read many hundreds of these essays, each dealing with one species from the child's own personal observation, and it has proved a very pleasing task to me because the little essayists had put their hearts in theirs. Their enthusiasm shines even in the weakest of these compositions, considered merely as essays, and we may imagine that the country boy or girl of ten or twelve or thirteen finds the task assigned him not a very simple one, to be placed at a table with sheets of foolscap paper before him and given an hour in which to compose an essay on the bird selected—the gist of his observations; to be re-

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minded at the same time that he is one of the team of nine chosen for the work, that the eyes of the village are on him, that he must do his best to win the county shield for the school. The conditions are not too favorable; nevertheless, the children are doing remarkably well, because, as I have said, their heart is in it, and one is delighted to find that this study of a bird has not only quickened the child's interest in nature but has taught him to think of the bird in a new way, with the feeling which seeks to protect. We may safely say that these children will not forget this new lesson they are being taught, whatever else may drop out of their memories when they leave school; that in coming time, when they are fathers and mothers themselves, they will instil the same feeling into their own children.

This then of all the various efforts we have made and are making to save the wild bird life of our country is to my mind the most promising for the future, and makes it possible to believe that the bird of greatest lustre we possess, our nightingale, will not only maintain its own ground in undiminished numbers, but in due time will increase and extend its range.

W. H. Hudson.

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

CHAPTER X.

The death of Mrs. Whinnery happened early in mid-April. Three days later Silence sat alone in the large low-cellinged kitchen of Hauksgarth Farm. She sat on the carved wooden armchair on the hearth in which her own unremembered mother had nursed her, and which had been the favorite seat of the second Mrs. Whinnery.

The hour was about four in the afternoon, and through the wide lattice window fell the sun, drawing the scent

from a bunch of dried herbs and painting chequers on the floor, while the grandfather clock ticked in its slow and peaceful way, and from outside flowed in—just as it had always done—the murmur small as the murmur of bees, which was the sound of the waters in the distant Bay. From near at hand came the sharp, regular click of a hoe worked somewhere in the garden.

In the aspect of Silence was a great lassitude. She wore a new gown of black, and the languid fall of her capa-

ble hands over the arms of the chair spoke of a prolonged strain that is over. Her eyelids, heavy with fatigue, drooped sleepily towards the ground, but now and then she raised them to gaze with a distressed look about the kitchen. The sounds, the scents, the fall of the light, were familiar as the feel of her own hands; but something was altered; the comforting and safe significance of home had gone. Instead, every air, every twinkling note that entered was weighted with a sense of foreboding and disquiet.

By this date, Silence was nearing the age of twenty-four years. Yet the folk, far and near, still knew her by her sobriquet only. Silver had given her the title, and its fine congruity with her appearance marked his sagacity in so dubbing her. For her main characteristic was harmonious, as of something very quiet painted in subdued tints. If she had beauty, one had to seek it a little. She was not very tall; her face and features were too refined to be described by the word "pretty." Her nose, fine-pointed and delicate in profile, had sensitive, well-cut nostrils; her mouth was very gentle, the lips composed, but void of seductions other than those of temperance and moderation; when she spoke, however, or smiled, the increase of animation became her and awakened kindly response. Her skin was pale and clear, of the pallor associated with perfect health, her eyebrows were delicately rather than powerfully traced, her eyelids wide, with good lashes, the color of the eyes being gray. What was noticeable in them was their unconsciously thoughtful look; when they fell upon children and living creatures they filled to the brim with tender consideration. For the rest she was mouse-like in coloring; if one did not read her with the heart and intelligence, it was possible to pass her over unnoticed. No spot of brilliancy

crowned the pleasant level with obvious beauty; even when the attention rested upon her, a little time might pass before one distinguished the nature of the pleasure the eye was receiving. Children, however, loved her at once. Especially if they were naughty, they liked to come to her arms; something in her stilled the incomprehensible passions that disturbed their tiny bodies, and brought their world anew to nursery peace.

Added to these traits was her unfathomable faithfulness in affection.

The memory of Silver was the clearest of her baby recollections, lying in her mind side by side with the memory of the comforting rub of her stepmother's rough hand over her bare little soles as she knelt in the kind lap to repeat the short prayers of an infant. So deep was the impression stamped upon her heart by Silver's personality, that the capacity to take new imprints seemed to be lost. To this day the rustle of hay falling from the fork in the fields, the scent of cut grass with the sun in it, would summon back a vivid impression of his presence, as she used to see him in the field, working in the row next her own; and her mind would be brought into strange perturbation, and her heart to a desolating hunger; so that the season of the hay had become a dread.

Upon their own plane her recollections of Nanna were no less deeply stamped. She did not remember the time when her love for the adorable elder "sister" had not its tinge of forbearance and excuse. And who sets the limit to dispositions of this kind? In Silence's affection were no refusals; it seemed to her that Nanna stood peculiarly in need of a covering mantle of love, of some open heart to which one day she might run for refuge when necessity drove.

Since the events which had cut her childhood from her youth, her life had

slid away monotonously on a stream of work; hardship she had tasted, and deprivation. All her landmarks throughout existence had been occurrences happening in chief to others rather than to herself; but her service to her parents had provided pasture for her tenderness, and she had taken no notice of her quick-passing birthdays. They left her still extremely young and girl-like in her appearance. But now had arrived a turning in the long and beaten road; rounding it, she found herself an absolutely lonely creature, amidst circumstances that were new and strange.

Only to-day had the loneliness of Hauksgarth set a heavy hand upon her. To-day, her stepmother's funeral had taken place, and now the bustle was over, the neighbors had dispersed and the efforts of her hospitality were concluded. Even Mrs. Tiffin was absent at her cottage in the hamlet of Spor.

Presently the sound of the hoe in the garden ceased, and John Gospel, habited in his Sunday coat, came to the open door. He glanced towards her with a mixed expression of respect and patronage, and lifted his cap sufficiently to rub his hair back with it.

"It should be yamost meal-time by my reckoning—*Missus*," said he.

Silence started at the new title, and John laid aside his cap and came in.

"I han turned a weed or two i' t' garden to pass time," said he. "Folks mun be doing a bit. But it war n't seemly to my mind to wark set wark, being so Sunday-like."

He glanced first at his own coat, then bent his head respectfully towards Silence's black gown.

"Na," said Silence.

She spread the cloth and laid plates and cups upon the table, and brought out cake and a remnant of arval or funeral bread, which was the delicacy purchased for the funeral, together with certain biscuits, each one wrapped in white paper and sealed with black

wax, the paper containing a printed text as well. These biscuits the guests, according to custom, had carried away with them when they departed. One or two were "left over," and these she was careful to lay on John's plate. While she was thus busied, John stared up to the big beam, glanced at the floor, sighed, and came back after this vague excursion to the comforting sense that Silence was handing him a cup of milk. He began to drink with great thirsty sips and to eat with relish. Silence broke a piece of the arval bread on her own plate.

"I see Mester Nasshiter go by on his horse an hour ago," said John, when the edge of his appetite was blunted.

"He was riding back to Hauks Fell, m'appen?" asked Silence anxiously.

"Na," returned John, "he rode tudder way about."

Silence made no remark, but the shadow on her brow deepened. During the rest of the meal neither spoke; when it was over, and Silence had repeated the grace, John rose.

"Weel?" said he.

Silence glanced up in faint surprise to find him hesitating in the middle of the floor.

"I reckon I'll be going," said John.

But he did not go. The eyes of Silence lent him encouragement.

"It came to my mind that it's like to be a bit lonesome to-neet for ye," said he, turning his cap in his hands; "shouldn't I lay me down aboon in any corner ye can spare?"

To emphasize his meaning, he pointed to the big beam solidly spanning the kitchen from end to end.

"I cannot mak a change, John," said she gratefully; "after all, thou 'lt be near at hand."

He nodded and went out to his work. But his recognition of her loneliness had added to it. The thought, however, of the night did not alarm her.

Then the doors and windows would be locked, and from outside would come sounds familiar and comforting to inclose her with a sense of home and peace. Never a night but some beast was restless and gave its restlessness a voice. The fear that gathered upon her was not of the darkness—it was of this hour or two of the evening when John Gospel would be occupied with the milking. For in her mind's eye, she seemed to see Mr. Nasshiter riding along the road on his way back to Hauks Fell, his eyes a-watch for the white gate of the Farm.

Was she indeed so lonely in the world, and so defenceless, that her heart must beat like this at the thought?

Something in the pride and native energy of the woman denied it. Throwing off her lassitude, she broke away from the unnerving stillness in the kitchen and sprang lightly up the staircase from the little hall. The staircase ended in a roomy landing and passage; before the door opening to a chamber built immediately over the hall she paused. It was locked, but the key was there.

The room was comfortably furnished, though small, but dust lay upon everything, and the bed was bare. It had not been occupied since the morning Silver left it, red-eyed, after his night of trouble. The position of the room being to the front of the house, the casement window opened directly over the front door. Silence's first act was to push the casement wide and to fasten it back, her next to take from a drawer a pair of clean white dimity curtains and to hang them one on each side of the window. This done, she went to a closet in the wall, from which sweet herbs exhaled a pleasant odor.

The late Mrs. Whinnery had not neglected to keep a watch upon the store of good clothes Silver left behind. Si-

lence began to search the shelves; presently she drew forth a low-crowned beaver hat, a hat with a curling brim, such as a young man of some substance might wear in the late twenties when George was king. Seven years had elapsed since it had covered the head of Silver, but it was still good, and in that retired country not too much out of fashion. Then she went to the fire-place, above which hung Silver's riding-whip and a stick or two, and his gun. She took one of the sticks, and with that and the hat prepared to leave the room, but at the door hesitated and turned back to the mantel-shelf.

For there indeed was the point of paramount interest. Upon the shelf stood two black silhouettes in ebony frames, pleasing as works of art, and admirable portraits. The faces were those of Silver and of Nanna. It struck the imagination of Silence that for years these two pictures had stood side by side, looking the one towards the other, in the cold, deserted chamber. She brought them with her into the pleasant habitable kitchen and placed them on the mantel-shelf, where, in her coming and going, they might catch her eye. Then she carefully brushed the hat and laid it with the stick upon the dresser underneath the window—as a young man might do who steps into a house with the familiarity of one who is at home there. After that, she searched in a drawer of the dresser and drew out an unfinished stocking—a young man's stocking—which still hung upon the needles.

These acts, prompted by a faith and affection militant against her own loneliness and helplessness, were also the stratagem of a woman's wit. When they were concluded, she again took her place in her mother's chair and looked towards the window, the knitting in her lap. By this time the sunbeam was slanting towards the corner and,

in the diminished light, the signs of age in the hat were less apparent. The eyes of Silence dreamed as they gazed on it. About it clung the atmosphere of the past; an association sensible as scents in faded flowers. He had but now thrown it there; it was Sunday or a holiday; he had come in, had passed through the kitchen, had turned back to the hall and gone up the stairs to his room. She could hear the light, firm step above, the step of the strong young man whose presence filled the days with composure and a sense of unassailable protection. He would be down again presently; the sound of his song would break the silence, a whistle, a laugh. Oh! he would come! he would come! Do hearts need and long like this for nothing? She smiled; she took up the unfinished stocking. Seven years ago she had laid the useless work aside, now she adjusted the needles again; seven years of yesterdays lay between that sad hour and this; she began to knit as though she would link these hours together. The feel of the wool over her fingers, the counting of the stitches, recreated about her the undisturbed assurance of past days, the old accustomed confidence in which she had last sat down to this occupation. It was indescribably sweet. While memory lived thus in her breast, she was not alone; faith avowed it; hope affirmed it.

In her tranquil absorption, some little time passed unnoticed. When she raised her head, the sunbeam had vanished from the window, and the murmur of the sea was over, the tide having withdrawn from the Bay. Save for the cry of a curlew, there was no sound; and the quiet of the place pressed upon her as something unbearable. But better this stillness than what she dreaded. At last it came—the trotting of a horse along the road. Silence listened anxiously. There was to be no respite. The trot-

ting horse stopped at the gate of the Farm.

CHAPTER XI.

The pause of the horse at the gate was followed by the tramp of heavy feet down the broad open space to the house.

Silence reflected that John might be absent for half an hour before he brought the milk to the dairy. She knew it was Mr. Nasshiter who was approaching, and watched nervously for his appearance, her hands clasped over the knitting on her knees. When he came by the window she saw that he jerked his head towards the open casement of Silver's room, and immediately afterwards turned sharply and looked into the kitchen.

He did not see Silence; his eyes fastened on the beaver hat and stick which were noticeable objects on the dresser, and an expression of annoyance passed over his face. But he went on to the door, and Silence, her knitting in her hand, answered his knock and stood before him on the threshold in her black dress, but gave him no invitation to enter.

"Good evening, Mistress Whinnery. I thowt I'd jest drop in on my way back to ex efter ye," began Nasshiter with an assumption of good fellowship palpably false.

"Thank ye, Mester Nasshiter," said Silence quietly.

"Ye've company, m'appen?"

His eye travelled again towards the open casement of Silver's room.

"It was my mudder's burying to-day," was Silence's grave response.

"Aye. I heard tell on 't. Ye're alone I' world now."

"Na." The syllable dropped calmly from her lips.

"John Gospel still yere?"

"Aye."

Her fingers unconsciously knitted a stitch or two of the stocking, and

Nasshiter remarked the nature of her work for the first time.

"So ye're knitting John a pair of new ribs for a midsummer fairing—when it comes," he suggested.

"Na."

At the moment a slight breeze blowing up from the west caught the open casement and rattled it. Once more Nasshiter glanced up, his eyes narrowing to an expression of angry frustration.

"I see a hat and stick on the dresser in the kitchen," said he.

"Did ye, Mester Nasshiter?"

"I reckon your fadder has n't left the Farm to Silver?" he inquired sharply.

To this remark he awaited a reply in vain. Silence had no mind to discuss her affairs. Nasshiter considered her pale still face in its cameo purity for a second or two. It was not within the compass of his nature to be moved by pity in the contemplation; on the contrary, he regarded her air of fatigue and exhaustion as so much advantage to himself. He settled into a more leisurely posture, supporting his shoulders against the jamb of the door, and stretching his high-booted legs towards the opposite side. Thus disposed, he was a formidable obstacle either to shutting the door or escaping from it.

"Mester Daker told me thy fadder had left thee mistress here," he began.

"Did he?"

Silence did not believe for a moment that the incumbent of Summerdale had gossiped about her affairs.

"Aye, he did. Come! Ye see, I know the Farm warn't left to brother Silver. I'm bound to ex how ye reckon to mannish thy lone?"

"We shall tak' the wark day by day as it falls, Mester Nasshiter."

Nasshiter laughed contemptuously.

"As ye did with fadder and mudder to back ye? Ye 're alone now, ye know."

"We shall do the wark wersels as we han awlus done," persisted Silence.

This reiteration of the plural pronoun perplexed the man. In reality, Silence used it out of a curious quiet resistance to the apparent fact of her loneliness. Her deeply-rooted idea, her grip on her purpose, lent her a force and effectiveness incomparably beyond anything which Nasshiter's low-levelled motives could evolve.

But Nasshiter, finding apparent helplessness before him, concluded that the game was his, and began to play it lingeringly and with relish.

"Ye'll hev a mort of wark on your back, I'm thinking," said he suavely.

"I like to be stirring," was her reply.

"Mudder's not been of mich use this long while?" he continued.

"Na," said Silence simply.

"Fadder was broke up in a neet, so to speak?"

"Aye."

Nasshiter slashed his whip against his high boot; he made no way against this slip of a girl with the plentiful quiet-colored hair and the wide white lids bent to the stocking in her hands. As to getting into the house, short of pushing her aside, there seemed no chance of that; he would not have hesitated as to such a measure on the score of delicacy, but the open casement, the hat and stick, had introduced a displeasing element of uncertainty into his position. He desired first and foremost to discover the truth on this point.

"I want an answer to my question; how are ye going to mannish alone?"

"I'm used to hard wark, Mester Nasshiter."

"M'appen. But the land 's worsened fra what it was. And land mun be used husbandly by a tenant. That 's in the bargain. That's writ in the lease."

"Aye, so it be."

"What cows hev ye now? Seven?"

"Something like."

"Ye reckon to mak' seventy or eighty pund of butter a week?"

"Something like."

"Ye should, unless ye drink t' cows."

"We sup the milk summer and winter."

"Ye do, do ye? And what d' ye feed t' cows on?"

"They're i' pasture now, Mester Nasshiter."

"Aye. But in winter time?"

"We give 'em wurzels and meal mash made of wuts. And we give 'em straw to fill 'em."

"Meal mash made of wuts!"

He repeated the phrase disparagingly and in mimicry of her quiet voice. Silence thought a reply unnecessary, and made none. What information or criticism worth having could she expect from a man who was no farmer? Her apparent imperturbability both alarmed and angered him.

"I mun hev my answer. There's been things on the land of late 'at never used to be there. It's gone clam-rotten. Your fadder got maddelt amang it, and haw'll you shape?"

"I reckon we shall do wer best."

"We? You're mistress here. I know it," said he, shooting out an ugly under-lip.

"Aye. I 'm mistress. My mudder was buried this morn."

"I 'd hev thee remember that I 'm landlord."

"I hanner forgot."

Nasshiter took these words as an acknowledgment of his power. He leaned forward to examine the yard and near premises, to make sure that neither Silver nor another was stirring there. Then he returned to his former posture. Silence dared not move; if she retreated he would follow her into the house.

"Come now!" said he in an altered tone, which struck most disagreeably on her ear; "thou knows what I 'm efter. Eh? I've watched thee at thy

wark for a sight of years. And I reckon thou 'll mak' me a good wife."

A dull flush overspread Silence's face, and her lips parted to take in a difficult breath. Nasshiter as a suitor was far less tolerable than Nasshiter in his rôle as landlord. His reputation was none of the best; in fact, it tainted the country round. Not all her self-command could hide her offence. She shot an anxious glance across the form that hemmed her in the doorway to see if John Gospel might be returning from the shed. Nasshiter gave a chuckling laugh.

"Thou need na keep a look-out that road. Nob'ry 's nigh and nob'ry 's stepping this way. Take me comfortable and all ull be reet. I'll manage the Farm for thee."

Silence had reassumed her apparent composure, and the cold and snowy aloofness satisfied him. It was to his mind, because he preferred to win his desire from reluctance; willing compliance would have alarmed him with the suggestion that he, too, had been trapped into bestowal. In every transaction he claimed more than cent. per cent.; there must be clear loss on the other side before he could persuade himself that his share was a fair one; hence, pleasures served with a sauce of tears reassured him with their testimony that no gift had unwittingly escaped his hand. He thrust his head nearer, so as to force her, if possible, to look into his eyes, which, though neither ill-formed nor ill-colored, she found wholly detestable.

"Sitha lass! If thou winnat wed me," laughed he, "I mun play the landlord."

Silence had but vague ideas as to the powers of a landlord to injure. It might be unlimited; yet she had always believed that a lease such as their's dammed up the overflow of knavish tendency. Yet if Nasshiter chose to break the lease, what effective resist-

ance could she oppose? By a strong effort she repressed the signs of her disquiet, and continued to knit at the stocking which was Silver's. The chief of her anguish was for him, and beyond all personal alarm; Nasshiter's threat touched that nest of dreams which she nourished in her heart, and over which her passionate tenderness brooded in tenacity and determination. Silver would return—faith, hope, and love asserted it. Her dream was to keep together the home and the Farm until, as a trust fulfilled, she could give an account of her stewardship and surrender the inheritance to him.

Nasshiter, who was watching her face narrowly, interpreted her quietude according to his own low measure.

"Come!" said he, adventuring a finger towards her delicate chin. "Thou 'd best say 'Yes.' I 'm master here, choose how. Mak' me master of thy own choice and I 'll forget I 'm landlord."

Silence left off knitting; her arms fell, and she looked him in the face as he had hoped, but the quality of the look was such that he withdrew his finger.

"I 'st niver marry ye, Mester Nasshiter."

"Thou says 'Na'?"

"I say 'Na.'"

The man had not expected this definite and undecorated refusal. He was vain; he estimated his personality at a certain appraisal. The cold, calm tone of the girl cut like a whip at the sensitive spot. This helpless, undefended thing, even after his covert threat, had refused the offer he made her.

"Thou 'll not hev me? Then thou 'll rue it," he replied. And the voice in which he spoke was thick with rising fury. "I 'll play landlord as I said. I reckon thou cannot stay in Hauksgarth Farm."

This threat startled Silence, as he intended it should, and her face showed

it; Nasshiter beheld the effect of his words with satisfaction, and repeated them.

"I tell thee, thou cannot stay here. Hauksgarth is mine. I winnat hev thee here."

But the change in Silence's face was no indication of defeat. Might not this be mere empty bluster after all? Again she rallied her forces.

"My granfadder hed Hauksgarth on a lease; the Farm is ours for mony a year yet."

"If thy fadder wanted to finish off the lease, he should hev lived on. I 'm not bound to let my land perish under a feckless donnet [do-nought] who knows nowt of farming. I 'm not bound to tak' a lass for tenant. Tenant mun deal husbantly w' the land or I 'm quit. That 's in the lease."

This founding of his claim upon the lease itself was an unexpected and disturbing move. But not yet was she at the end of her resources.

"Ye cannot turn me out bout a trial," said she; "ye cannot turn me out bout notice given."

"Weel," he drawled, "that's mebbe true. Thou shall hev thy notice fair and square come Michaelmas Day. Thou shall hev it *if*"—he paused to grin facetiously—"if thou 'rt still yere."

"We shall be here," said Silence stoutly.

"Wilt thou now? How about rent? I 'm not obliged to keep thee on the Farm bout rent paid."

"We shall pay wer rent."

"I 'll see about that."

"We shall pay it."

Mr. Nasshiter changed the attitude he had adopted throughout the conversation; he slowly raised his shoulders from the doorpost, straddled his legs on the threshold, and spread his arms so as to take hold of the woodwork on either side. From this advantageous posture he looked down on the small creature.

"Thou 'll pay the rent?" he repeated

again adopting a drawling tone. "I 'd like gay weel to see the color of my money. Fadder didna tell thee' m'appen, that there's a matter of three years' rent owing?"

Silence dropped her arms again to her sides and stared at him dumbly. The shock gave a new impulse to her powers of resistance, and her steady, unwinking eyes seemed to search the man's face through and through. Under her gaze he stirred uneasily.

"A matter of three years' rent or thereabouts," he repeated.

"That 's a lee, Mester Nasshiter. We aa ye nought."

Before she thus replied, Silence had taken a quick survey of past facts and reminiscences; there had been disaster, hardship—"stint and sair scrattin'"—but nothing pointed to debt; their suffering had not summed up to that great disaster. The image of her father as a shiftless debtor was inconceivable. And in her clear faith and conviction, the indignant sentence flashed from her tongue. A gray hue underspread the somewhat coarse, over-flushed skin of Nasshiter as he heard her unflinching reply. He had no admiration for the girl's courage; his dull, stupid nature, tenacious but to one end, was merely stirred towards further impulses to crush and break.

"I 'll let thee know if I 'm feeling. I 'll see my money or I 'st know why. Canst ta prove I 've had my rent? I 'll hev my proof afore I let go. Nor I winnat lose time over this job. I mean to tak' proceedings. I 'll sell thee up come Michaelmas Day if arrears are na paid by then."

His utterance was in a low, snarling tone, and he emphasized each sentence by a slap of his whip on his high boot. Silence stared at him in a great amaze as one by one his threats broke on her ear. What defence had she against this brute, who hemmed her in her own doorway? What help in this universe

against a claim that could ruin her hopes and drive her penniless from her home? For a few seconds her loneliness presented itself as something irretrievable and overwhelming, her desolation as absolute and unbroken. Under the sense of it her cheeks deadened. That was for a second or two; then her whole vitality gathered itself together against a realization of helplessness so entire and so crushing. Was she as lonely, as defenceless, as much his prey as Nasshiter would have her believe? She was *not*! Her heart, her whole nature rose up to affirm the contrary; against his encroachment and oppression there was covert; she was certain of it; she would find it. And upon the apparent fact of her isolation she flung herself, as upon something with which she must wrestle to the death, pitting herself against it, resisting, pushing the idea from her with all her might. Of this inward tumult, the outward signs were small and beyond the observation of such a one as Nasshiter. He saw before him no more than a frail, exhausted girl with a drooping face of pallor. But on a sudden, the bent head was lifted sharply, and from her throat and lips broke a ringing cry.

The cry was unpremeditated; she uttered it as her appeal, her challenge to the universe against the evil that threatened her, uttered it as though with power to send it across land and sea to that distant spot where might be the ear she would attract to her help.

"Silver!—Silver!—Silver!" rang the words.

It was unpremeditated, but a master-stroke. Nasshiter retreated a step hastily, glanced up to the open casement, and then sharply over his shoulder. A clanking sound of milkpans hastily set down and a running step came apparently as a direct answer. He withdrew altogether from the door, glancing at her sideways as he did so

and twisting his whip in his hands. The lifted face of the girl, her still parted lips, her eyes with their far-away look, lent the curious impression as of something in flight. Whether Nasshiter received such an idea or not, he was shaken, even scared by her as-

pect. But he made shift to repeat his menace.

"Ye 'll unnerstand, I give ye to Midsummer Day for arrears. And if I cannot see the color of my money by then, I tak' proceedings."

Emma Brooke.

(To be continued.)

THE MAKING OF A POET.

The persistence of poetry is very wonderful. No other art offers so little reward, against none has so much ridicule been directed; yet there are always poets, and at the present time poetry, to my thinking, flourishes with a stronger life than the kindred art of prose. We seem to be in a period which can show, like that which followed the death of Shakespeare, a great variety of genuine and delightful poetic work—a period which will always be grateful to the makers of anthologies. Setting aside Mr. Yeats, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Watson, and, in a different kind, Mr. Kipling—about whom there would be general consent that each has produced, not merely stray excellence, but a considerable body of verse to which no future generation of verse-lovers will be indifferent—it would be easy to reel off a dozen names, each of them standing for a group of poems, lesser or greater, which scores and even hundreds of readers have by heart. I name two by way of illustration, a man and a woman—Mr. A. E. Housman and the lady who signs herself Moira O'Neill.

To have them by heart—that is the test. I do not mean to be letter-perfect in recitation, but to be so familiar with the words that a quotation is instantly recognized, and that the music and the movement of the whole are always dimly present in our memory. A novel, a book of essays, may please us best at a first reading; poetry is

nothing till it has been re-read. That in truth is the poet's reward; he can give a pleasure which never palls by repetition—for who was ever tired of reading a favorite poem? In this he excels novelist, historian, actor, dramatist, essayist, critic, and all who have to do with the craft of words.

That, then, is one of the reasons by which I account to myself for the perennial supply of poets. What you write in verse has at least a fairer chance to be remembered than work of equivalent merit in prose. Another cause—connected with it—is that the medium of verse gives a pleasure which has no real counterpart in prose. Poetry is, in Milton's meaning, sensuous and passionate; the writer has a communicable joy in the rhythm which he uses; and the fact that he employs an artificial and, as it were, ceremonial manner of expression lifts him out of shamedness. He can say instinctively and naturally in verse what in all probability he would never permit himself to utter in prose. There is at once an abandonment and there is also a precision or constraint which separate poetry from prose as dancing is separated from walking.

These are the baits by which Nature secures that each generation shall be provided with its own makers of verse; since simple desire for fame would hardly direct so many into this channel. But what I specially wish to indicate is yet another reason why (in

an ideal sense) so many poets succeed—why the amount of good work is so disproportioned to the material inducements.

In no other art are the material difficulties so few. To begin with, it is a branch of that craft of language which we all practise from the cradle. We do not need, as in drawing or music, to learn a new grammar and develop new instinctive mastery of any instrument. To compare it with the other branches of literature, the historian or the philosopher must acquire a great deal of abstract or concrete knowledge before he can use his skill; the playwright must, first of all, master a very difficult technique, and then (which is much more laborious) must persuade an actor-manager to bestow some consideration on his play; while in the background Mr. Redford waits to determine by some obscure mental process whether the play is "nice" or "nasty"—I use the words which seem to be the likeliest representation of Mr. Redford's simple and highly personal appraisal. The poet, thank Heaven, has not to pass through any wicket so absurd as that over which the Lord Chamberlain presides by deputy.

Neither has the novelist, who at the first glance would seem to have equal advantages; the teller of tales and the writer of songs should be on a level. Yet experience shows that one thing is essential to the novelist which the poet can dispense with, and that is—experience. Hardly any first-rate fiction has been written by a man under middle age. The faculty of observation matures earlier in a woman, and it was ripe in Miss Austen at one-and-twenty; but it grows increasingly difficult to interest readers with the study of a narrow and familiar circle. The poet's subject is in the last resort an individual consciousness, and individual consciousnesses are infinitely varied and infinitely new.

All the material that he needs is provided by his own thought and feeling, and life gives to every man plenty to think and feel about. Only, the thought and feeling must be in a sense profound; whether in the gentlest or the fiercest harmonies, the whole nature must vibrate. For that reason a comfortable bringing-up and a public-school education are the worst possible apprenticeship for the art of poetry. Comfort avoids the sharpnesses of feeling, takes away the keenest stimuli to thought; and a public-school education teaches chiefly to repress both emotion and the utterance of emotion. Matthew Arnold is the best recent example of the result: his way of life made him specially the poet of the decent and the tongue-tied. Doubtless that education imparted to his work much of its peculiar charm: it is full of echoes and hauntings, fragrant with memories of other literatures, and scholars love such recurring reminders of the classics. Yet the classics themselves—at least the Greek classics—got on very well without any of it.

Every poet has his pedigree, of course, and since in literature the dead are always alive, the pleasure of recognizing spiritual ancestry is not simply a pedant's gratification: the features or the movements of a beautiful woman, suggested in her beautiful daughter, add something to the daughter's beauty. But, after all, the essential is life—living, independent beauty—and the training which enables a man to show, as Tennyson or Milton did in every page, the tokens of his rich inheritance is perhaps often gained at the cost of other qualities more vital to a poet. I have read dozens of volumes of verse where the level of accomplishment was far more sustained, more equable, than in the work of either of two writers whom I propose to review—men who, unlike in everything else, are alike in this, that to capture poetry they have

dragged their way through briars. Yet across all obstacles they climb where those others can never attain.

One of these two, Mr. W. H. Davies—has, I think, securely established his reputation. You may class him as you please; but no one can deny his title to be included among the poets who count to-day. For the other—Mr. James Stephens—it is not possible to claim so much; yet his slim volume *Insurrections* has attracted attention, and I hope to show good cause why. But I would wish first to indicate a fact which proves that the new poet is always needed; that in a sense the world is always on the lookout for him. In a pretty wide experience of reviewing I have met with several works in prose which showed, to my judgment, talent of the first order, and which yet failed to establish themselves on our bookshelves. Let me mention one written by a man for whom, happily, life had other rewards and far nobler uses. This was *The Heart of the Storm*, a romantic novel published in 1896 by the gentleman who is now Sir Ronald Ross (whose discoveries have gone far to lessen the death roll of West Africa). On the other hand, I have never, though for ten years I believe I read almost all the verse that was published, known a worker of high merit in verse who did not secure due recognition. Of course the cash value of recognition is not excessive, but the poet found his audience, and that is the prize. And again and again the way has been won with the smallest possible preliminary heralding. I shall have to tell how Mr. Davies arrived at publication. Mr. Stephens was luckier; yet to be issued by a new and little-known firm in Dublin is no passport to fame. But he had before him the encouraging example of that writer to whom he dedicates his *Insurrections*—the poet "A. E."—whose first volume came to birth more obscurely than any book I have

ever heard of. *Homeward: Songs by the Way* was published by a gentleman who called himself for that purpose "Whalley," and I do not know that "Whalley" ever published any other work. This book was not to be had in the bookshops; it was necessary to seek out the publisher at an out-of-the-way address in Dublin, and very difficult to find him at home. Yet the book sold, kept on selling; amiable pirates came to its aid in America, and ultimately it was reissued in London by Mr. Lane, but not until it had already become known to thousands. I do not think that could happen with any conceivable book of prose. The unknown young man who did not even care to set his name on the title page had, in the by-times of a working life spent over ledgers in a Dublin counting-house, produced harmonies which took possession of chance hearers all over the English-speaking world.

In a certain sense, then, the making of a poet is the least difficult of all such makings in the domain of art. Out of any kind of material, in any surroundings, the process may accomplish itself. The poet may ignore his body, abstract himself from his environment, or, to put it more truly, create an environment for himself, living as it were in the soul of things. "A. E." did this. *The Earth Breath*, which gives a title to his later book of verse, is a transfiguring and revealing spirit, and he sees all the world kindled by it. Or, again, the poet may, as Mr. Davies has done, live intensely in the body, write of its discomforts, of its squalid pleasures even; he may see only the commonest things, birds and beasts, trees and roads, appearing to him superficially, just as they appear to us all. Only, they inspire in him what is not common, what is the poet's distinguishing quality—that inward joy, which may be fed alike by pleasure or by pain, which is a sense of the beauty or the

terror and, perhaps above all, of the vitality of the world. He must see and feel things with a kind of rapture which involves his whole nature: that is all we ask of a poet, but we cannot take less. In the work of both of the men whom I have to discuss there are compositions which, though brilliant or interesting, fall short of this demand; but in both there is also to be found the vision, the rapture, the central vibrant joy. That is why they concern us.

Let me first take the lesser man—the poet who interests rather by promise than by achievement. Mr. Stephens has little more than a score of poems in his *Insurrections*, and one sees at once a man experimenting. He tries twenty different metres; he speaks sometimes with the voice of Browning, sometimes with that of Francis Thompson—in frank, undisguised discipleship. I remember that Mr. Kipling did the same in his *Departmental Ditties*; and there also it was easy to see beyond the mere cleverness of assimilation a personal force and fire. *Insurrections* is much more serious, much maturer work, than those early things where we watched Mr. Kipling making his hand; yet it is crude stuff. But the wine is there—vintage of his own, with its strong individual sap and savor. Here is a poem called "Hate," where I detect no borrowed blending:

My enemy came nigh,
And I
Stared fiercely in his face.
My lips went writhing back in a grimace,
And stern I watched him with a narrow eye.
Then, as I turned away, my enemy,
That bitter heart and savage, said to me:
"Some day, when this is past,
When all the arrows that we have are cast,
We may ask one another why we hate,
And fail to find a story to relate.

It may seem to us then a mystery
That we could hate each other."

Thus said he,

And did not turn away,
Waiting to hear what I might have to say,
But I fled quickly, fearing if I stayed
I might have kissed him as I would a maid.

Here again are two stanzas from a lyric which, with its thin, cold vowel-music, fitly suggests that "Chill of the Eve" which is its subject:

A long, green swell
Slopes soft to the sea,
And a far-off bell
Swings sweet to me,
As the gray, chill day
Slips away from the lea.

That green tree grieves
To the air around,
And the whispering leaves
Have a lonely sound,
As the gray, chill day
Slips away from the ground.

Lastly, to justify once more the claim that I make for this writer, I quote this passage from the poem entitled "Optimist"; for surely in the lines that are italicized there is the vision of majestic beauty shown in verse of a rare dignity:

Let ye be still, ye tortured ones, nor strive
Where striving's futile. Ye can ne'er attain
To lay your burdens down. All things alive
Must bear the woes of life, and if the pain
Be more than ye can bear, then ye must die.
*That is the law, and bootless 'tis to seek
Far through the deeps of space, beyond the high
Pearl-tincted clouds, out where the moon doth peak
Her silver horns, for all that vastness bows
To an appointed toil, and weeps to find
Some kindly helper.*

The passage is unequal, no doubt, and flawed at its close by the phrase

"weeps to find," which is used out of its true meaning. In nearly all the poems there is some defect of craftsmanship. But such defects should be easily remedied by a craftsman so naturally gifted; what I doubt of is whether Mr. Stephens may not squander himself in mere virtuosity. He is extraordinarily clever, extraordinarily vigorous; he can make us visualize better than the most skilful journalists. But what the world asks of the poet is to be made to see. That poem "Hate" has vision, has insight; it shows you the heart of man behind the writhen grimace. Too many of the other poems show us only squalid streets and the ragged bundles that move in them; we are not moved to a tragic pity, and there is no such thing as a tragic disgust. Disgust is in its essence superficial: cowardice, cruelty, sottishness, breed loathing, which is a deep emotion; yet even so, can anyone think of a poem's lasting which pictured singly and by itself cowardice, cruelty, or sottishness? It is one thing to show us a drunken, dirty, ill-shaven, cunning car-driver with his lean outworn miserable horse, and then say, "There, but for the grace of God, go you or I"; it is another to show us the clean soul capable of joy that once inhabited man and beast. The latter is the poet's task; the former is what Mr. Stephens has done, in a vignette as sharply etched as any of Henley's.

Others among the *Insurrections* are partial and limited in a different way, notably two in which we have the revolt of woman; and on these occasions Mr. Stephens speaks undisguisedly with the voice of Browning:

My old name is lost,
My distinction of race:
Now the line has been crossed,
Must I step to your pace?
Must I walk as you list, and obey, and
smile up in your face?

I am separate still,
I am I and not you:
And my mind and my will,
As in secret they grew,
Still are secret, unreached and un-
touched and not subject to you.

Very clever, as an argument is clever, as a speech is clever; but poetry, to last, should be something more than clever. In so far as Browning wears out, does not last with us like the great ones, it is just because of this limitation, because only one part of his nature is vibrant. Poetry has to be the expression of the whole man, whether in pain or in joy; and the measure of the poetry is the measure of the man's nature, not the measure of the subject. Scott's "Bonny Dundee," the ballad that sprang up to the tune of his horse's galloping hoofs when a moment of reaction came to him among his troubles, utters a fundamental joy: you get the whole man there, just as a sudden burst of laughter will reveal a nature more clearly than hours of discussion. Perhaps the poems which are worth most to the world are those which make no more explicit comment upon existence than a bird's song; but of this I am certain, the poet's business is to give to the world of his joy. Even in his sorrow joy must be involved. Take Shelley, take Musset, take Keats, take any one, and you will find this true. I read Mr. Stephens and I gather a great deal of the things that make him miserable and depress him, but not enough of what thrills and quickens his heart. That is why I see him only as a poet in the making: Mr. Davies, now, is the poet made. His three volumes of verse, conjoined with his most fascinating *Autobiography*, enable one to trace the process of making with unusual completeness.

William H. Davies was born at a seaport town in South Wales, and was brought up in a public-house belonging

to his grandfather, a retired seaman—"Captain Davies, master of his own ship." His grandparents had the charge of his education, and apprenticed him to picture-framing, by which trade he was earning a fair living at the age of twenty-one when his grandmother died, leaving him a sum of money, the interest on which amounted at first to ten shillings a week; and trustees provided the young man with a few pounds to assist him in his project of going to the United States. From a passage in the *Autobiography* it appears that he had formed even as a lad the hope of a literary career; but for the first moments, and for many a day to come, his one concern was to see the world.

He saw New York and pushed down into Connecticut; then his money gave out, but not his desire to see, and a chance inquiry as to how a man should reach Chicago led him into acquaintance with a singular mentor, for the person to whom he had spoken was a professional tramp known as Brum. It was very soon demonstrated to Mr. Davies that even when employment was hardest to obtain a man could live very well in America as a beggar; and though he does not appear to have shone at begging Brum had talent enough for two.

Thus the poet in the making drifted into sheer vagrancy, and for a matter of five years wandered over America, "beating his way" from town to town, sometimes, but rarely, working for continuous spells, sometimes crossing the Atlantic in charge of cattle on a voyage, camping out in summer, going to gaol in winter, learning nature and man in their most primitive aspects. This is not to say that the ordinary tramp is living a poetic life; Mr. Davies makes the contrary quite plain. Living from day to day, from hand to mouth, deadens thought and deadens feeling, and in a very curious passage

he tells us that whereas in boyhood his tongue made him welcome everywhere, all these years of roving have left him dumb company. The spirit stayed alive in him, yet I think he means to convey that gradually it was being smothered. He was no true beggar, in that the idea of steady work to gain money for the end which he had always in view was in no sense repugnant; but as often as he saw himself master of a few pounds and able to buy books, his companions of the moment, having no such alien desires, made an end of the joint resources in the nearest gin-shop. He knew and felt that the impressions which he had accumulated were growing faint and blurred, and needed to be lined in with pen and ink; he knew also that his mind craved the food and the stimulus which only books could give; yet vagrancy always got the upper hand. He was young, strong and active; the open road was a counter-attraction in itself, apart from the ties of companionship which in that way of life have, it seems, a scarcely limitable force. And when he finally went home to draw his accumulated savings—for the ten shillings a week had been lying to his credit through these years—the Eldorado of Klondyke drew him back again. Once in Canada he projected, naturally, to economize his resources by "beating his way," and once more casual comradeship decided his fate. He was now the instructor, as Brum had been his, years before. The man with whom he travelled knew nothing of the art of "jumping" trains, and Mr. Davies, giving him the first and easiest chance of leaping on as the carriages moved out of the station, was hampered by the other's slowness, leapt too late himself, and fell on the track; he was picked up with a leg mangled. It seems to me quite clear that but for this accident there would have been one poet the less and one tramp the more, with all the

fineness of his spirit sodden out in boozing-kens.

Life held two adventures for this man—one the adventure of the open road with its infinite variety, the other the adventure of poetry with its grinding climb. But for the first adventure, to make it any way attractive, two legs were needed. For a beggar the wooden stump was an endowment, a secure living; but evidently the more need Mr. Davies had to beg, the less he liked begging. He begged, not with zest, but without reluctance, when he knew that work was always to be had for a healthy, active man such as he, and when he was conscious, moreover, of his weekly income accumulating in Wales. Then, to beg was part of the adventure; now, matters had changed.

When he got home to Monmouthshire, and was somewhat inured to his wooden leg, the new quest began to beckon hopefully. "I was now more content with my lot," he writes, "determined that as my body had failed my brains should now have the chance they had longed for when the spirit had been bullied into submission by the body's activity."

That observation makes one realize how great may be the power of body over spirit in a strong, active young man. For up to this point the story which Mr. Davies has told is one of continued failure of will. Something always headed him off his purpose, and in the last resort that something was his body's activity. Yet the will which was thus conquered was, as the history which follows must show, of amazing strength.

In one respect at least Mr. Davies's training had been of use: he knew precisely the limits of necessity; he had made acquaintance with hunger—valuable knowledge for a man who was going to live on an income now reduced to eight shillings a week, paying out of that three-and-sixpence for lodging. A

year went by in writing—first a tragedy, then a long poem, and other things, all of which were submitted to publishers and rejected. At last a collection of short poems drew an offer to publish at the author's expense, the sum needed being twenty-five pounds. Mr. Davies applied to philanthropists for the money—unsuccessfully, as was natural. Then he conceived the idea of printing his poems as broadsheets and hawking them round. This cost thirty-five shillings, and his remaining capital was only thirty-one; but in a fortnight, by reducing weekly expenditure on food from four-and-sixpence to half a crown, he had the money: the sheets were printed—2000 copies—and he set out on his journey from house to house, explaining the urgency of his need to those to whom he offered his wares. One day produced one penny, but the story of that lamentable quest should be read in Mr. Davies's own simple telling; and when he got back to his lodging he "started with the fury of a madman to burn the copies, and did not rest till they were all destroyed." That is the first marking point in this progress of five years.

His first two years were spent at one of the Rowton houses under conditions which entirely satisfied the lodger, for by day the public libraries were at his disposal. But, as he puts it, it chanced that he "knew of one who would be thankful of a couple of shillings a week and resolved to make a little sacrifice" that would enable him to send them. In other words, he reduced his rate of living from eight shillings to six, and this meant migration to a Salvation Army shelter, where cost of lodging was two shillings instead of three-and-sixpence. After some four months he decided to make another attempt at publication, aiming to raise the money needed by travelling as a hawker of laces and such like.

Three months went by, and during them by various shifts life was held in him, but no money gained; then he went back to London and spent the winter among the broken men who huddled together over the coke fire in a common lodging-house: out of that stupor he does not seem to have emerged for twelve months.

Finally the solution was found. Mr. Davies proposed to borrow money by mortgaging his income, and when he went to his trustee with the proposal the trustees undertook to advance 20l. when Mr. Davies should have saved 10l. Thus all that was needed was to live from June to January without spending any money. And so again the vagrant went on tramp—but with a Mecca full in view.

Now followed [he writes] a strange experience, an experience for which there is no name; for I managed to exist, and yet had neither the courage to beg or sell. Certainly at times I was desperately inclined to steal; but chance left nothing for my eyes to covet, and I passed harmlessly on. When I suffered most from lack of rest, or bodily sustenance, as my actual experience became darker the thoughts of the future became brighter as the stars shine to correspond with the night's shade.

I travelled alone, in spite of the civilities of other tramps, who desired company, so as to allow no strange voice to disturb my dreams. Some of these men had an idea that I was mad, because I could give them little information as to the towns and villages through which I had that very day passed. They inquired as to the comforts and conditions of a town's workhouse, of which I knew nothing, for I had not entered it. They inquired as to its best lodging-house, of which I was again ignorant, having slept in the open air. They inquired how far I had come that day, which I could not immediately tell them; and they were curious to know how far I was going, which I did not know. The strangest part of this experience was that I received help from people with-

out having made a glance of appeal and without having opened my mouth. When I asked for water, tea or milk was often brought, and food invariably followed. I began to look on this as a short life of sacrifice killing a few worthless hours so as to enjoy thousands of better ones, and I blessed every morning that ushered in a new day, and worshipped every Sabbath night that closed another week.

The days wore to an end and spring brought publication. I look at the poor paper-covered volume, end of so long desire, and am glad that I was not consulted on its chances of success. Thirty copies were sent out for review, and what could have been predicted followed: a couple of not very significant notices and nothing else. Again Mr. Davies had the impulse to destroy, but was fortunately checked by the material difficulty of burning two hundred books. Yet to destroy was not to give up the quest; he meant only to repeat the process, write more poems, again mortgage his income, and again go on tramp. Such a will does not know defeat, and at last he "swore a great oath that these copies, good or bad, should maintain me till the end of the year." He sent them round to individuals, asking that if the volume pleased its price should be sent him. The upshot was that about sixty copies sold (for half a crown each), and that the book came into the hands of people who recognized its merit, one of whom was "a playwright, an Irishman, as to whose mental qualification the world is divided, but whose heart is unquestionably great." So writes Mr. Davies, judging Mr. G. B. Shaw not as the world judges him. Mr. Shaw tells the story in his own way in the introductory preface to the prose work upon which he has fixed its preposterously unsuitable title, *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*. That name with its superficial air of pose would have headed me away from the volume

any day: I owe to chance and the lack of choice in a summer holiday my acquaintance with one of the simplest, most unaffected, and most informing narratives of a life that I have ever read. Probably Mr. Shaw wanted revenge upon a writer who had praised Mr. Shaw's heart at the expense of his head.

But my business is with the poems. Let us see what kind of poetry was the outcome of these thirty odd years of a life whose adult period had been spent among tramps and sturdy beggars, street-singers, fish-porters, sellers of flypapers, cadgers of every category. Here are the opening lines, and Milton is plainly their master:

London! What utterance the mind
finds here,
In its academy of art, richer
Than that proud temple which made
Ophir poor,
And the resources famed of Sheba's
Queen.

A singular voice, surely, to come from a doss-house; and the critic had not even to turn the page before this met him:

And not without sweet sounds to hear;
as I
Have heard the music like a hiding
child,
Low chuckling its delight behind a
wall,
That with a sudden burst and joyous
cry
Out leapt and on my heart threw its
sweet weight.

How the movement of the verse suggests the rush and impact of that merry onset! And here, beyond the unmistakably Miltonic opening, you have the voice of Mr. Davies himself, the poet who has rapturous vision of things pure, simple, and childlike, laughter and sunshine, the ever-renewing youth of the world.

The poem tells of this vision seen across a hell of drink. One would call it, I suppose, a prose idyll. In other

and shorter pieces the life of the doss-house is sketched—sometimes with humor, sometimes shot through with beauty, called into memory by an unseen singer's voice, and once and most terribly in the description of the poisonous coke fire. That is hideous—hideous as anything that Mr. Stephens calls up before us—yet it is human. We enter into it, our life also fights against the stupefying vapor: Mr. Stephens sees his garbage-littered street, the black cave of the lodging-house door, his blear-eyed cabman; but he sees them from aloof and apart. Where he breeds in us disgust only, Mr. Davies evokes a human ruth.

Yet—and here is the essence—no poet was ever less inclined than Mr. Davies to dwell on ugliness. While he lived in the reek of that squalor it pervaded his vision; he scarcely could be unconscious of it for a moment. But the goal once achieved, Mr. Davies was a free man: he had made his footing, and now he could afford to set his face for home. He left London for Wales.

In the second volume, *New Poems*, we still find him dwelling here and there upon those years of slavery. He writes in "Hope Abandoned" of his blackest times:

Here in these slums to sleep and wake
again,
Fretted at night by brutal cries of pain,
Year after year: *I who alone had hours
With Nature to share woods and fields of
flowers.*

But in the third book, *Nature Poems*, all this has gone from him; it is only the shadow against which he sets his joy—his "Happy Life."

O what a life is this I lead,
Far from the hum of human greed;
Where crows, like merchants dressed
in black,
Go leisurely to work and back;
Where swallows leap and dive and
float,
And cuckoo sounds his cheerful note;
Where skylarks now in clouds do rave,

Half-mad with fret that their souls
have
By hundreds far more joyous notes
Than they can manage with their
throats.

The ploughman's heavy horses run
The field as if in fright—for fun,
Or stand and laugh in voices shrill;
Or roll upon their backs until
The sky's kicked small enough—they
think;

Then to a pool they go and drink.
The kine are chewing their old cud,
Dreaming, and never think to add
Fresh matter that will taste—as they
lie motionless, and dream away.

I hear the sheep a-coughing near;
Like little children, when they hear
Their elders' sympathy—so these
Sheep force their coughs on me, and
please;

And many a pretty lamb I see,
Who stops his play on seeing me,
And runs and tells his mother then.
Lord, who would live in towns with
men,

And hear the hum of human greed—
With such a life as this to lead.

It is only in this third book that we begin to get echoes of the earlier days when Mr. Davies was vagrant by choice, not by necessity. That is the vagrancy out of which comes poetry. When Mr. Stephens tells us "What the tramp said" he puts into verse the sullen groan of the out-of-work, those who tramp because they must, when they must—not when weather tempts them. If he can count himself free from that necessity, I gather from his book, that is because he has the "Fifty Pounds a Year and a Pension" of which he writes also. But the price of that freedom is, it seems, a slavery.

I can never see the sun walk in the
dawn

On a lawn,
Where the lark sang mad with rapture
as he came
Robed in flame

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Racing on to where the mountains'
foreheads loom
Through the gloom.

For I've sat my life away with pen and
rule

On a stool
Totting little lines of figures, and so
will,

Tho' the chill
And the langor of gray hairs upon my
brow

Mocks me now.

I ask myself: Suppose Mr. Stephens had eight shillings a week, would he be a free man? For my part, I should not. Mr. Davies is, because that gives him enough to eat, and having achieved recognition he can live in the country and get his poems published without needing to go on tramp. Yet it is quite evident that the same Mr. Davies, whom nothing could daunt, was effectively cut off from poetry by too much freedom; and Mr. Stephens has shown by his volume that even along with drudgery (perhaps with intervals of not voluntary tramping) the making of a poet can go on. The technique can be acquired, and Mr. Stephens has much more facility than the Welsh writer. But technique will profit nothing—even passion will profit nothing—unless a poet can give us of his joy. I should hardly go back to Mr. Davies's poem on the lodging-house fire, in spite of all its tragic force, and certainly not to the lines on "Hope Abandoned." It is for the sake of that elemental joy, like the joy of the earth over rain, or of the dam licking her new-born cub, which is the poet's deepest attribute, and which I find in many of his poems, that I should always return to Mr. Davies; it is the lack of it that might keep me away from Mr. Stephens. The ultimate and crowning need in the making of a poet is a wise heart.

Stephen Gwynn.

A CHURCH HYMNAL OF THE FIRST CENTURY.*

Dr. Rendel Harris deserves the warmest thanks of all scholars for his admirable *editio princeps* of the Syriac version of The Odes and Psalms of Solomon. The Psalms of Solomon—a Jewish work of the first century B.C.—have long been known to us in Greek. But of the Odes, which are a Christian product, only some fragments were preserved in Lactantius and probably Irenaeus, and in a distorted form in a Gnostic writing. The Odes furthermore are mentioned in several of the lists of the sacred books among the non-canonical writings. Until Dr. Harris's brilliant discovery of the Odes in their Syriac version scholars were uncertain as to their Christian or Gnostic character. The Syriac MS. which contains the version of the Psalms and Odes was written between three and four hundred years ago, and came from the neighborhood of the Tigris. It is imperfect both at the beginning and the end, and, since thus its preface and colophon are wanting, we know not how it was described by its scribe nor can we find definite information as to its date. As the editor writes:—

Both the collections . . . are of the highest importance for the history of Messianic beliefs. In the one case you have the Messianic song before sun rise; in the other the great hope has been turned into the great reality, and "the first low matin chirp has grown full quire."

As regards the original language of the Odes, we may accept the view of the editor that it was Greek, though the evidence advanced is rather slight. Further research into this question is needed. The title "Odes of Solomon" can hardly have been original, though they were so designated as early as the third century in the Gnostic work

"Pistis Sophia." From Ode XLI. it seems clear that the writer was a Gentile who had joined the Jewish Christian Church. He had possibly been first a Jewish proselyte. From his hands have come the majority of the Odes, as the editor shows by an elaborate study on internal grounds. On like grounds he is convinced that Ode XLII. does not belong to the original collection. He is doubtful as to Ode XXVII., which is "tritheistic as well as grotesque," and the same doubt may well attach to XIX.

We cannot enter here into a discussion of the Syriac version of the Psalms of Solomon. It will be sufficient to state briefly their relation to the extant Greek version of the Psalms. The Syriac version is translated from the Greek and from an excellent MS. of this version. Of the five best MSS. of this version the Syriac stands between the second and third, and at times alongside the first. But in three passages that we have noticed, and probably there are several others, the Syriac attests or implies a better reading than any of the Greek.

The date of the Odes is difficult to determine, since the historical allusions are very vague, and on the theological side their leading characteristic is Christian experience and not dogma. They were known at the beginning of the fourth century to Lactantius, who, according to Dr. Harris, quotes from a Latin translation, since Lactantius, "when he quotes Greek books, as in the case of the Sibylline verses, quotes in Greek and does not offer a translation." From the practically canonical standing attached to them by the writer of the "Pistis Sophia," the date of the Odes can be carried back into the second century. As evidence of the currency of the Odes in the second cen-

* "The Odes and Psalms of Solomon," Edited by J. Rendel Harris. (Cambridge University Press, 12s. net.)

ture might be adduced several remarkable parallels in thought and in diction between them and Clement of Alexandria. There is still better evidence for their use by Irenaeus (IV. 25; V. 2: cf. Ode V. 9, 10). But the editor appears right in claiming for the Odes a date as early as the last quarter of the first century or the first of the second. In favor of their composition before the close of the first century might be adduced the fact that we find next to nothing from the Pauline Epistles save possibly an echo or two of the Corinthians and the Romans and some allusions to justification by grace. As regards the Gospels, not a single saying of Jesus is directly quoted, nor is His name mentioned, though there are references to His pre-existence, incarnation, crucifixion, descent into Hades, and probably to His resurrection. There are a few coincidences with the Apocalypse. Perhaps there are more. On the other hand, when we come to the Johannine Gospel and Epistles, there is a very pronounced community of ideas. Christ is the pre-existent Word: He bestows the water of life: the faithful love Him because He first loved them. These and similar phrases indicate a Johannine atmosphere, but not necessarily the use of the Fourth Gospel, any more than the appearance of similar phenomena in the Apocalypse proves its author's acquaintance with that Gospel. Finally, in Ode X. Christ apologizes after a fashion for His reception of the Gentiles into the Church. The expression of such a sentiment would be highly unnatural in the West or even in Asia Minor. It belongs rather to the Palestinian communities, where Judaism was still dominant, and to the first rather than to the second century, when Gentile Bishops were elected to the See of Jerusalem itself.¹

¹ The editor believes there are references to A. D. 70 in Ode IV., and to the Jewish wars under Titus in Ode VIII., and that these Odes were written soon after these events.

On such grounds the editor claims, and not unjustly, to have proved, so far as proof in the case is possible, that the Odes were written in the last quarter of the first century, or at latest in the first quarter of the second.

So far we have nought but praise for the keen insight and alert scholarship of the editor. We have now to draw attention to some of the shortcomings of the book, which will no doubt be set right in the next edition.² First of all, the verse division in the Psalms of Solomon is intolerably confused. In the Syriac version he follows the verse division as it is given in Ryle and James's edition of the Greek version, but in the English translation the editor abandons it in Psalms III., VIII., XII., XV. In VIII. and XII. the divergence is evidently merely an oversight, but not so in III. and XV. In the latter he follows Gebhardt's verse division, which differs throughout from that of Ryle and James, while in the former Psalm the first four verses are divided as in Ryle and James, and the remaining eight as in Gebhardt. The confusion does not end here. When referring to the Psalms in his Introduction the editor uses the verse division of Ryle and James on pp. 38-41, 46, but that of Gebhardt on p. 45. Our next criticism has to do with the editor's failure to print the text and the translation of the Odes as verse. Throughout they are printed as mere prose, and not a single allusion is made in the Introduction to the fact that the Odes are written in stanzas of various lengths—sometimes we have distichs, sometimes tristichs, and sometimes tetrastichs. Some Odes combine stanzas of different lengths. The discovery of this fact illumines many a dark passage, suggests the right connections

² In addition to the misprints in the Syriac given at its close there should be added two others in Odes IV. 6, and IX. 3. The text in IV. 6 is wrongly amended. There is only required the omission of a *poē*, and we have "And Thy hosts rejoice therein."

of wrongly separated clauses, and forms an admirable instrument of criticism generally.

We cannot close our review without adding a few selections from this ancient hymnal. We have arranged the hymns in stanzas and occasionally introduced emendations,

Ode III. 3-6, 9-10 (The hymn of a mystic).

I should not have known how to love
the Lord

If He had not loved me

For who is able to distinguish love
Save the one that is loved

I love the Beloved and my soul loves
Him

And where His rest is, there also
am I.

IV. 5-6, 9

Thou hast given Thy heart to Thy
believers

Thou shall never fail nor be without
fruits:

For one hour of faith in Thee is bet-
ter than all days and years.

Thou hast given us Thy fellowship:
It is not that Thou wast in need of
us,

But that we are in need of Thee.

XVI. 1.

As the work of the husbandman is
the ploughshare,

And the work of the steersman the
guidance of the ship,

So also is my work the psalmody of
the Lord,

My craft and my occupation are in
His praises.

XXVI. 1-2, 4-7

I will pour¹ out praise to the Lord,
For I am His:

And I will speak His holy song.
For my heart is with Him.

I will cry to Him from my whole
heart,

¹ Here the text reads "have poured," but the context requires the future. The wrong text has arisen from the doubling of the initial letter of the next word.

I will praise and exalt Him with all
my members.

For from the east and to the west
is His praise,

And from the south and to the north
is the confession of Him,

And from the top of the hills to their
utmost bound is His perfection.

XXXII. 1, 2

To the blessed there is joy from their
heart,

And light from Him that dwells
therein.

And words of truth from the Self-
existent;

For He is strengthened by the holy
power of the Most High,

And is untroubled for evermore.

XL. 1-6

As the honey distils from the comb of
the bees,

And the milk flows from the woman
that loves her children,

So also is my hope on Thee, my God.

As the fountain wells forth its
waters,

So my heart wells forth the praise
of the Lord,

And my lips⁴ and tongue His psalms.

And my face exults with His glad-
ness,

And my spirit is gladdened with His
love,

And my soul is resplendent in Him.

And reverence confides in Him,

And redemption in Him stands as-
sured.

And His heritage⁵ is immortal life,

And those who share therein are in-
corruptible.

In taking farewell of Dr. Harris's work we would express to him our heartiest congratulations on his happy discovery and his brilliant and scholarly editing. It is the most valuable

⁴ The text wrongly repeats "praise" from the preceding line.

⁵ The text reads "abundance," but this is against the parallelism and is unmeaning in itself. We have only to emend *yurthoneh* into *yurthoneh* to restore the original.

contribution made to our knowledge of Early Christianity for many a long year, and it is valuable not only his-

The Times.

torically, but as an original expression of Christian experience which is true for all time.

SINGING IN THE VILLAGE.

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

Voices and an accordion sounded as if close by, though through the mist nobody could be seen. It was a work-day morning, and I was surprised to hear music.

"Oh, it's the recruits' leave-taking," thought I, remembering that I had heard something a few days before, about five men being drawn from our village. Involuntarily attracted by the merry song, I went in the direction whence it proceeded.

As I approached the singers, the sound of song and accordion suddenly stopped. The singers, that is the lads who were leave-taking, entered the double fronted brick cottage belonging to the father of one of them. Before the door stood a small group of women, girls, and children.

While I was finding out whose sons were going, and why they had entered that cottage, the lads themselves, accompanied by their mothers and sisters, came out at the door. There were five of them: four bachelors and one married man. Our village is near the town where nearly all these conscripts had worked. They were dressed town-fashion, evidently wearing their best clothes: pea-jackets, new caps, and high, showy boots. Conspicuous among them was a young fellow, well built though not tall, with a sweet, merry, expressive face, a small beard and moustache just beginning to sprout, and bright hazel eyes. As he came out, he at once took a big, expensive-looking accordion that was hanging over his shoulders, and having bowed to me, started playing the merry tune

of "Bárynya," running his fingers nimbly over the keys and keeping exact time as he moved with rhythmic step jauntily down the road.

Beside him walked a thick-set, fair-haired lad, also of medium height. He looked gaily from side to side, and sang seconds with spirit, in harmony with the first singer. He was the married one. These two walked ahead of the other three, who were also well dressed, and not remarkable in any way except that one of them was tall.

Together with the crowd I followed the lads. All their songs were merry, and no expression of grief was heard while the procession was going along; but as soon as we came to the next house at which the lads were to be treated, the lamentations of the women began. It was difficult to make out what they were saying; only a word here and there could be distinguished: "death . . . father and mother . . . native land . . ." and after every verse, the woman who led the chanting took a deep breath, and burst out into long-drawn moans, followed by hysterical laughter. The women were the mothers and sisters of the conscripts. Beside the lamentations of these relatives, one heard the admonitions of their friends.

"Now then, Matryóna, that's enough. You must be tired out," I heard one woman say, consoling another who was lamenting.

The lads entered the cottage. I remained outside talking with a peasant acquaintance, Vasily Oréhof, a former pupil of mine. His son, one of the

five, was the married man who had been singing seconds as he went along.

"Well," I said, "it is a pity!"

"What's to be done? Pity or not, one has to serve."

And he told me of his domestic affairs. He had three sons: the eldest was living at home, the second was now being taken, and a third (who like the second had gone away to work) was contributing dutifully to the support of the home. The one who was leaving had evidently not sent home much.

"He has married a townswoman. His wife is not fit for our work. He is a lopped-off branch and thinks only of keeping himself. To be sure, it's a pity, but it can't be helped!"

While we were talking, the lads came out into the street, and the lamentations, shrieks, laughter, and adjurations recommenced. After standing about for some five minutes, the procession moved on with songs and accordion accompaniment. One could not help marvelling at the energy and spirit of the player, as he beat time accurately, stamped his foot, stopped short, and then, after a pause, again took up the melody most merrily, exactly on the right beat, while he gazed around with his kind, hazel eyes. Evidently he had a real and great talent for music.

I looked at him and (so at least it seemed to me) he felt abashed when he met my eyes, and with a twitch of his brows he turned away, and again burst out with even more spirit than before. When we reached the fifth and last of the cottages, the lads entered and I followed them. All five of them were made to sit round a table covered with a cloth, on which were bread and vodka. The host, the man I had been talking to, who was now to take leave of his married son, poured out the vodka and handed it round. The lads hardly drank at all (at most a quarter of a glass) or even handed it back after just raising it to their lips. The host-

ess cut some bread, and served slices round to eat with the vodka.

While I was looking at the lads, a woman, dressed in clothes that seemed to me strange and incongruous, got down from the top of the oven, close to where I sat. She wore a light green dress (silk, I think) with fashionable trimmings, and high-heeled boots. Her fair hair was arranged in quite the modern style, like a large round cap, and she wore big, ring-shaped, gold earrings. Her face was neither sad nor cheerful, but looked as if she were offended.

After getting down, she went out into the passage, clattering with the heels of her new boots and paying no heed to the lads. All about this woman—her clothing, the offended expression of her face, and above all her earrings—was so foreign to the surroundings, that I could not understand how she had come to be on the top of Vasily Oréhof's oven. I asked a woman sitting near me who she was.

"Vasily's daughter-in-law; she has been a housemaid," was the answer.

The host began offering vodka a third time, but the lads refused, rose, said grace, thanked the hosts, and went out.

In the street, the lamentations recommenced at once. The first to raise her voice was a very old woman with a bent back. She lamented in such a peculiarly piteous voice, and wailed so, that the women kept soothing the sobbing, staggering old creature, and supported her by her elbows.

"Who is she?" I inquired.

"Why, it's his granny; Vasily's mother, that is."

The old woman burst into hysterical laughter and fell into the arms of the women who supported her, and just then the procession started again, and again the accordion and the merry voices struck up their tune. At the end of the village the procession was overtaken by the carts which were to

carry the conscripts to the District Office. The weeping and wailing stopped. The accordion-player, getting more and more elated, bending his head to one side and resting on one foot, turned out the toes of the other and stamped with it, while his fingers produced brilliant *floritures*, and exactly at the right instant the bold, high, merry tones of his song, and the seconds of Vassily's son, again chimed in. Old and young, and especially the children who surrounded the crowd, and I with them, fixed their eyes admiringly on the singer.

"He is clever, the rascal!" said one of the peasants.

"Sorrow weeps, and sorrow sings!" replied another.

At that moment one of the young fellows whom we were seeing off—the tall one—came up with long, energetic strides, and stooped to speak to the one who played the accordion.

"What a fine fellow," I thought; "they will put him in the Guards." I did not know who he was or what house he belonged to.

"Whose son is that one? That gallant fellow?" I asked a little old man, pointing to the fine lad.

The old man raised his cap and bowed to me, but did not hear my question.

"What did you say?" asked he.

I had not recognized him, but as soon as he spoke I knew him at once. He is a hard-working, good peasant who, as often happens, seems specially marked out for misfortune: first two horses were stolen from him, then his house burnt down, and then his wife

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died. I had not seen Prokófey for a long time and remembered him as a bright red-haired man of medium height; whereas he was now not red, but quite gray-haired, and small.

"Ah, Prokófey, it's you!" I said. "I was asking whose son that fine fellow is—that one who has just spoken to Alexander?"

"That one?" Prokófey replied, pointing with a motion of his head to the tall lad. He shook his head and mumbled something I did not understand.

"I'm asking whose son the lad is?" I repeated, and turned to look at Prokófey.

His face was puckered and his jaw trembled.

"He's mine!" he muttered, and turning away and hiding his face in his hand, began to whimper like a child.

And only then, after the two words, "He's mine!" spoken by Prokófey, did I realize, not only in my mind but in my whole being, the horror of what was taking place before my eyes that memorable misty morning. All the disjointed, incomprehensible, strange things I had seen suddenly acquired a simple, clear, and terrible significance. I became painfully ashamed of having looked on as at an interesting spectacle. I stopped, conscious of having acted ill, and I turned to go home.

And to think that these things are at the present moment being done to tens of thousands of men all over Russia, and have been done, and will long continue to be done, to the meek, wise, and saintly Russian people, who are so cruelly and treacherously deceived!

(Translated by L. and A. Maude.)

THE RUBBER BOOM.

The rubber boom has been the most popular that ever was known, for two reasons. Firstly, it has been a truly British boom. The Yankee and the German Jew have not appeared therein; and the subject-matter has been the product of the British colonies. It is true that Java, and Sumatra, and Johore are coming into the game, but it was started in Ceylon and the Malay Settlement. Secondly, it has been a boom in which the public in the widest sense of the term has participated joyously. The smallest punter has had a run for his money. Men and women of all grades in life—the clerk, the waiter, the sempstress, the housemaid, the clergyman and his widow—have each and all had their ten or twenty or fifty shares, and made money out of them. No one has been refused, and as the brokers make these modest speculators pay for and take up their shares, it has been real speculative investment, with quick and large profits. The American and Kaffir markets have always been surrounded by a kind of pompous affectation of "business," which has kept away small people. No one would think of asking a broker to buy ten Rand Mines or five Union Pacifics—or if he did it would be taken to mean five hundred. Of course, the brokers and jobbers do not like these small purchases and sales. The transfer of twenty Linggis takes as much time and trouble as the transfer of two thousand, and the commission is very small. That is the meaning of all this congestion of business, which compelled a well-known firm of brokers to take the unprecedented step of sending round a circular saying that for the next three weeks they could take no more orders! At first the Stock Exchange tried to ignore the rubber-share business; stockbrokers sent inquirers to

Mincing Lane to find shares with queer Indian names; they did not relish the idea of democracy invading the sacred precincts of Capel Court. They lost a lot of business in this way at the start; but when they found that clients were selling Kaffirs and other investments and trotting off to Mincing Lane, where produce brokers were only too glad to earn commissions on shares as well as on produce, the stockbrokers began, like a Minister in difficulties, to "consider their position." Of course, the Stock Exchange gave in; brokers and jobbers got books on rubber, learned to pronounce Selangors and Bukit Rajahs and Sungel Kruits and Kuala Lumpurs. A big firm of jobbers, who had for years been losing money over brewery shares and the other "industrials" (that are killed by Free Trade), laid in a large stock of the shares with names that are a pathetic jumble of Scotland and the gorgeous East. Democracy rushed triumphant down Throgmorton Street, and large fortunes were made in a few weeks by all sorts and conditions of men.

With one or two exceptions the money has been made by the bold speculators who came into the market, knowing nothing about rubber, last January. The planters and pioneers of the rubber industry, who went into the various companies about eight years ago, mostly sold out at much lower prices than those of to-day. These men had seen so much of the difficulty and expense of bringing the rubber trees into bearing, they had been so accustomed to rubber at 3s. or 4s. a pound, they knew so well the troubles ahead in the shape of pests and scarcity of labor, that when the price of the shares they had been sitting on so wearily all these years began to mount, they sold out. It is a fact that a com-

pany whose shares to-day stand at £24 was very nearly sold a year ago for £4 a share. One of the best-known and most popular of these planters sold all his shares about eight months ago to a trust company for £2 a share, and the shares stand now at £8. Nobody foresaw the extraordinary rise in the price of rubber, as is proved by the fact that many of the big producing companies have sold their output for 1910 and 1911 for 6s. and 7s. a pound. About two years ago, when rubber stood at 3s. 6d. a pound, it was suggested to one of the directors of the United States Rubber Trust (the biggest buyer in the world) that he should make a corner in plantation rubber by buying up the produce of all the Ceylon and Malayan companies for the next two years. The answer was curious, in the light of recent events. The American said: "We could easily do that, as far as the money is concerned, but it would not be worth our while. The ratio of value between plantation and wild rubber is fixed by the amount of moisture and impurity; as soon as plantation rubber costs more than 5s. or 6s. a pound it is not worth buying"! Plantation rubber sold this week for 12s. 6d. a pound! Another point on which the experts have been utterly wrong is the productivity of the soil, or rather of the trees. Calculations were based on 200 lb. of rubber to the acre, whereas on good Malayan estates the yield is 500 lb. and even 750 lb. to the acre. This makes an enormous difference between the estimates and the actual returns, in favor of the latter for once in a way.

In the scramble for shares in new issues some comic incidents occur. The following letter was written by the secretary of a new company to a lady: "Dear Madam,—In consequence of the large number of applications the directors regret that they are unable to allot you any shares. Herewith I beg to return to you your dishonored check

for £125, and remain," etc. The following letter was received by the chairman of a new company: "Dear Sir,—I have applied for 50 shares in your company. As I have already sold these shares for £30, I shall be glad to know whether you will allot them to me, as otherwise I shall have to buy them in the market in order to fill my contract." There is another feature which distinguishes the rubber boom from all other movements of the kind—there are two markets, one in the Stock Exchange and one in Mincing Lane. Behind the Stock Exchange, instead of the crew of cosmopolitan financiers who manipulate the American and South African markets, stands Mincing Lane, the quintessence of British commercialism. If you want to see the sturdy British business man, as distinguished from the excitable Throgmorton Street shouter, go down Mincing Lane and into the sale-room. Now Mincing Lane believes in rubber, whole-heartedly and enthusiastically, and there are big men there prepared to back their opinion. The Stock Exchange always takes short views, living from hand to mouth, or rather from account to account. These volatile creatures are some of them giving out that the rubber boom is over, and transferring themselves and their books to the oil market. Just as the Stock Exchange made a mistake at the beginning of the movement, so will they be making another mistake now if they think the rubber market is finished. The word "boom" is indeed not quite correct, as it implies an inflation of values by excitement or manipulation. It would be more accurate to say that there has been a general uplifting of values to a higher plane. Much the same sort of readjustment of values took place in American railway shares in 1890-1900, when it was discovered that the ordinary shares, instead of being mere instruments for assessing the Britisher, were serious propo-

sitions. Common stock like Eries, Atchisons, Southern, which had been kicking about the market for years at \$5 or \$10, suddenly leaped up 20, 40, or 80 points. So it is with rubber shares of 2s., which are eagerly bought at 60s., though they were neglected at 10s. and pronounced dangerous at 30s. These upheavals of value are always more or less volcanic in character, and are often succeeded by periods of prostration and disappointment, after which opens the period of serious investment. Whether the market for rubber shares is destined to pass through these phases it is impossible to predict. It may be that the small speculators have pouched their profits and are stealing off to spend them. Perhaps, when they have done so, they will come back to the market when prices are much higher. Certain it is that silent, cold-blooded Scotchmen are hugging their holdings, and though

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some of them have made enormous fortunes on paper, they have not realized, and have no intention of doing so. Few people, of course, have the time or the capacity to make elaborate calculations of future returns. Those who will take the trouble to work out sums in arithmetic may easily prove to themselves that the big producing companies, Linggis, Selangors, Vallambrosas, and Bukit Rajahs, are splendid investments at present prices; and that they will either go much higher or else will yield a rate of interest for the next five or six years compared with which the yield from Knights or Rand Mines seems ridiculous. No mine that we know of increases its output with the rapidity and certainty of a good plantation. And then what an advantage it is to have all your wealth above ground instead of buried in the bowels of the earth! Vive le caoutchouc!

MEMORY AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

Every one is familiar with the efforts that have been made during the last few years by the Society for Psychical Research to establish by scientific investigation the survival of human personality after the death of the body. It has not been generally remarked, however, that the greater part of these efforts have in reality been directed towards proving the survival, not of personality, but of memory. It seems to be assumed on the one hand that the survival of memory is enough to prove the survival of the individual, and on the other that without a survival of memory the survival of the individual is unintelligible. Mr. Walter Leaf's criticism of the original report upon Mrs. Piper was indeed directed against the first of these assumptions. For he pointed out that after physical death there might still remain in existence

disintegrating masses of memories, which could not be described as a "person," but to which the medium's mind might have some access. The more recent evidence is, however, not liable to this objection. A cross-correspondence, if it implies the survival of anything at all, implies the survival, not merely of memories, but of a directing personality. But, apart from such inductive proofs of a future existence, it is interesting to consider more generally the relation of the individual to memory, whether he could be said to survive without it, and if so, whether such survival would satisfy the aspiration to immortality.

It would be hard to find much support for the view that personal identity depends entirely upon a continuous memory. Of all the factors that make up the human mind, none is more fleet-

ing and liable to disease. According to this view, identity would be for ever fluctuating. A man who forgets an event in his past life would not be the same person as the man to whom the event occurred. But if something should happen to remind him of it, then his identity would have changed back once more. And it is not merely the trivialities of life that are forgotten. Our natures have been formed as the result of hundreds of thoughts and actions which have disappeared entirely from our memories. Yet we are asked to believe that all these essential but forgotten causes are in reality the thoughts and actions of another person,—the person who died when our memory died. But not only do we forget what has actually happened to us; sometimes we actually remember what never happened to us. George IV. remembered that he was present at the battle of Waterloo, and this genuine but mistaken belief could not be distinguished psychologically from a true memory. In the same way a patient under the influence of hypnotism may be made to remember another man's past. Are we to suppose that in such a case there is an actual change of identity? If we had been able to impress upon Charles Peace all the memories of Ruskin, would Charles Peace's personality have disappeared? Yet if this seems absurd, we are forced to conclude that there is some element of the self deeper than memory. Any attempt to define this element—this ultimate spirit of the individual—seems doomed to failure. There is a saying of Bishop Butler's which might well be recommended to the philosopher,—“Everything is what it is, and not another thing.” So individuality is simply individuality; and the attempt to discover some further meaning for the word can only lead to error. We might be tempted, for instance, to suggest that a man's true ego is nothing more than his character. But

individuality goes deeper even than character. Character changes; the individual remains the same. Thus a man who in his youth is honest may meet with temptations that make him into a thief; so too the sentimentalist may become a cynic. The changing character is no more than a manifestation of the individuality beneath.

But when once we have decided that our personality consists of something more than a mere tissue of memories, we may go further, and ask whether memory is even necessarily a condition of personality. Mr. Gerald Balfour in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal* quotes a remark of Leibniz that “If one were to become Emperor of China on condition of entirely forgetting one's past, this would mean the annihilation of oneself and the creation of an Emperor of China.” That this observation is false we have no doubt; but it is one which cannot be logically refuted. An appeal to introspection is the only possible, and far from satisfactory, test of its truth. For this purpose we may quote a few words from a more modern philosopher, Dr. McTaggart, who, as a follower of Hegel, is deeply interested in the refutation of this theory:—“Now suppose a man could be assured that in a short time he would lose for ever all memory of the past. Would he consider this to be annihilation, and take no more interest in the person of similar character who would occupy his old body than he would in any stranger? Or would a man approaching the gate of hell lose all selfish regret for his position if he was assured that memory, as well as hope, must be left behind on his entrance?” To such questions only one answer seems possible; and we are driven to the admission that a survival of physical death is at least conceivable, even though the destruction of the brain tissues carries with it a destruction of memory.

The discussion of the probability of a survival in such conditions must be left to metaphysicians. We may point out, however, that though to us the idea may be incongruous, yet to thousands of those who live further to the East it is a familiar article of belief. And this will perhaps throw light upon the last of the questions which we raised,—namely, whether such a belief would be of any comfort. The natural impulse is to answer:—"No. What comfort could the new life bring with it, if at the same time it brought the loss of every interest and every person that we care for to-day?" But reflection will perhaps bring another opinion. Memory is after all no more than a gigantic notebook. If the notebook is destroyed, for a time all will be confusion. But gradually the mind will assert itself and begin to build up again another notebook to take the place of the lost one. And since the individual will remain unchanged, he will tend to fill the new notebook with facts similar to the lost facts. In short, although he will not know it, his interests will be the same as before; and there can be no reason why this should not be equally true of his personal relations. The continuity will be real, even though it is unconscious. "But what a waste," the objector may exclaim, "to be forced to replace with infinite pains all the memories that

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have been reduced to nothing." They would not, however, have been reduced to nothing. The detailed memories would, it is true, have perished; but their influence would have helped to mould the character with which the personality would begin its new life. An analogy to this has been found by Dr. McTaggart within the limits of a single life. "When a personal relation has existed for many years, many of the events which formed its temporal content, and had importance and significance at the time, are completely forgotten. But we do not regard them as lost, for we recognize that each of them has done its part in moulding the relationship which exists at present. And so they are preserved—preserved indeed far more perfectly than they could be in memory. For, in memory, each of them would be a mere potentiality, except in the moment when it was actually thought of, while, as factors of disposition, they are all permanently real." Neither the happiness nor the value of an individual can depend upon his memory of the past. So long as we could be certain that our actions and thoughts in this life would help to determine our conditions and our relations to those we love in the next, we could afford to smile at death, even though it should prove to be a sleep and a forgetting.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *

This edition contains everything of Suckling's that has survived; all his poems, together with one or two that some one else may have written, his plays, his letters, and his prose Discourse of Religion. The editor has pro-

vided useful notes and an introduction, in which he shows no great enthusiasm for his author. Any one who has studied all Suckling's writings with the care required of a good editor would not be likely to think so well of him as those who know him only by the one or two poems of his that occur in anthologies. As Mr. Thompson says, Suckling was

* "The Works of Sir John Suckling in Prose and Verse." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by A. Hamilton Thompson. (Routledge. 6s.)

an amateur, and you see the weakness of the amateur in his ambitious works when he tries to be most professional. But still, he was an amateur of great spirit, who lived hard and died young and miserably. You might suppose from his poems that he cared for nothing but love, or what he was pleased to call love. But he had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years War, and his letters show that he was more than a profligate or a trifler. His poems, in fact, are the diversions of a clever man who had no settled business in life, and they are interesting, not only for the merits of the best of them, but also as examples of the kind of poetry that a brilliant amateur wrote in the reign of Charles I.

It was very different from the kind of poetry that a brilliant amateur wrote in the reign of Elizabeth. In that golden age of poetry a poet in his works was a poet and nothing else. No one would know from Sidney's poems that he was a man of fashion, except, perhaps, for the chivalrous sonnet about "Our Sweet Enemy France." But even in that he is rather a belated knight of the Middle Ages. Otherwise he is never conscious of his class in his poetry. He writes as a lover in a world of lovers. But Suckling is always the man of fashion, who protests that he does not take love more seriously than anything else. In fact, like the young Donne, he is in conscious reaction against the heroics of Elizabethan Amorists. Nothing is stranger in literary history than that Donne, the most profound and obscure of poets, the fanatic first of love and then of religion, should have set a fashion that was followed by poets like Suckling; but so it was. Donne wrote of lust before he wrote of love; and he was too honest to call it anything but lust. He refused to dress it up in fine words. He refused to swear eternal constancy when he had no intention of being constant. Rather he used all

his ingenuity to justify fickleness; and it was this ingenuity of his that delighted the next generation, tired of Elizabethan rhetoric. Mr. Thompson remarks that Suckling's poetry is but little influenced by Jonson, the last of the great Elizabethans. In his "Session of the Poets" he tells us that "Good Old Ben" broke silence first—

And he told them plainly he deserved
the bays,
For his were called works, where others
were but plays.

But Suckling does not give him the bays, as Herrick or Carew would certainly have done:—

Apollo stopt him there, and bade him
not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry't; at which Ben turned
about,
And in great choler offered to go out.

However, he shows a kindly feeling for the old poet:—

Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo called him back
again,
And made him mine host of his own
New Inn.

We can see from this that Jonson was out of fashion with sparks like Suckling. He was not clever enough, and he was too solemn for them, too much the professional poet. Suckling is careful to explain that he is not a professional poet himself:—

Suckling next was called, but did not
appear,
But strait one whispered Apollo i' th'
ear,
That of all men living he cared not for
't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his
sport.

And, indeed, the roughness of these verses supports his character of himself. But he calls Donne the great

lord of wit, and whenever he writes carefully it is always in emulation of Donne's wit. Yet if he were a mere imitator of Donne his name would not be remembered. Donne in his most cynical moods never writes like a man of the world. There is something fanatical in his cynicism which prepares us for his later extremes of passion and devotion. But Suckling frees the wit of Donne from its obscurity, and uses it as aptly as men of the world sometimes use classical quotations. The cynicism which was only a growing-pain in Donne was natural and permanent in Suckling, and he was quite content with his own fickleness. He was a real anti-romantic, not, like Donne or Mr. Bernard Shaw, one who only rails against a romance that seems to him obsolete. Again and again he tells us that love is all a delusion, that pursuit is everything and the enjoyment nothing; and he is most serious when he tells us this:—

Women enjoy'd (whate'er before th'
have been)
Are like romances read, or sights once
seen:
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play
much more
Than if one read or knew the plot
before.
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew
what it were.

This is very neatly put, and it anticipates the whole spirit of the Restoration—that spirit which gradually made lyrical poetry impossible and set the best poets writing satire. Suckling has found love out; and he is the precursor of those comedians who had found life out and who seemed to exhaust the last energies of literature in saying so. If the spirit which he was one of the first to express had remained predominant there would have been an end, not only of poetry, but of all literature, except, perhaps, ribald verses. The man of

fashion, if he takes to literature, lives upon the exertion of others just as much as he lives upon them in more material things. Suckling in all this cynical trifling is a mere spendthrift, throwing away the great traditions of poetry, and the emotions on which they are based, with both hands. He makes fun of his great poetic inheritance, as a profligate heir makes ducks and drakes of his property. He is very clever at the trick of suddenly letting the reader down, and he often adopts the intense and mysterious manner of Donne when he intends to do this. Thus, echoing one of the most famous lines of Donne, he begins—

O! for some honest lover's ghost—
who is to tell him—

Whether the nobler chaplets wear,
Those that their mistress' scorn did
bear,
'Or those that were used kindly.

There can, he thinks, be no real consolation in the underworld for the faithful but despised lovers of this—

And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here;
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Therefore, he concludes—

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough,
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds,
(As who can tell?) ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here—

Here, though the form is the form of Donne, the spirit is the spirit of Byron's "Don Juan." Poetry is used to make fun of itself, and the trick of the prosaic ending is used just as it is often used in the concluding couplet of Byron's *ottava rima*. It is used even more effectively in "The Siege," which

again begins in the very manner of Donne—

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent), a year and
more,
And still I did my part.

He relates in a series of rather tiresome metaphors how he used every siege engine in vain; and then he continues in what seems a chivalrous and heroic strain—

I sent to know from whence and where
These hopes and this relief?
A spy informed, Honor was there,
And did command in chief.

But in the last verse he tells us what he thinks of this much-praised honor—

To such a place our camp remove,
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride.

These last two lines are in Suckling's natural manner, the manner which made Millamant admire him so much. No doubt to the society of the Restoration he seemed the first poet who wrote like a man of the world and told the truth about the passions. They cared nothing about the wit of his master Donne, for that was wit in earnest; Suckling took it and used it for its proper purpose, which was to prepare the way for a little plain speaking. In the most famous of his songs, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" he makes the same use of the Elizabethan manner. It comes in *Aglaura*, which is an attempt at an Elizabethan tragedy; and one cannot but wish that he had given the play the same turn as the lyric. He might have done something amusing if he had chosen to make fun of the Elizabethan drama. But *Aglaura* is not amusing, and the famous song is the only occasion in it where Suckling speaks like himself—

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not
move;

This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

But there is another side to all this light-mindedness, which shows that it is not light-heartedness. Suckling cannot be sombre, like his master Donne; the thought of Death does not make him sing of

A bracelet of bright hair about the
bone.

or the meeting of lovers at the resurrection. To him it is like a nasty taste in the mouth, spoiling the pleasure of the moment. In his "Farewell to Love," he is cured of love, he tells us, by thinking how every woman will look when she is dead—

The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,
Hang like two master-worms to me,
That (as we see)
Have tasted to the rest
Two holes, where they like't best.

A quick corse, methinks, I spy
In ev'ry woman, and mine eye,
At passing by,
Checks, and is troubled, just
As if it rose from dust.

The end of this kind of philosophy is to see a quick corpse in everything; and thus it defeats its own purpose of clearing life of all obstruction to pleasure. For that also is proved an illusion like all the nobler illusions, and crumbles to dust and ashes with them. Suckling laughs at the poetry of romantic love, and his own poetry dies out in this ugly prose—

A quick corse, methinks, I spy
In ev'ry woman.

There is even a kind of insanity in his horrible verses upon "The Deformed Mistress" which reminds one that he is supposed to have put an end to himself.

Yet Suckling must have had a great power of enjoying himself; and he writes his best when he forgets to be a

wit and a cynic and a man of the world, and expresses his enjoyment in language of an almost rustic simplicity. In the Ballad upon a Wedding he is the Skelton of his age, making poetry out of doggerel, turning away from all outworn literary artifice to write verses as if they had never been written before. Perhaps in his heart he was not a man of fashion at all, but a child of nature. He talks like one in the Ballad upon a Wedding; and so rare is this "easy natural" way of talking in verse that it has no fellow in the language. To quote from it is to do it injustice, for one verse tumbles over another, as if the writer were so eager he could scarcely draw breath between them; and in a single verse this air of eagerness, which is the charm of the whole, is lost. There are three lines of one verse that every one knows and that Herrick, for once wanting in tact, imi-

The Times.

tated and spoiled; yet they are less beautiful than the three lines that follow, so we will quote the whole verse to show Suckling at his best:—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light.
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

It is a pity that he could not end even his masterpiece without a wink and leer, at the same moment remembering to be a rake and forgetting to be a poet. A knowing air is as tiresome in literature as in life; and Suckling was almost the first of our poets to adopt it. Perhaps, if he had lived to the Restoration, when all the fashionable poets wore a knowing air, he would have repented in sackcloth and ashes, for he certainly had too much talent to waste it in raising an ugly laugh.

COALS OF FIRE.

["It will be wise of the men to capitulate at once, and no longer insist upon male superiority and male privileges. Their rule is nearly over. And if, in the see-saw of human events, they should in the future be placed in a subordinate position, we must accord them more generous treatment than they have given us. We must not retaliate. On the contrary, we should resist all attempts to degrade them, and let equality be our motto then as now."—*Lady Cook.*]

Sisters-in-arms, the fight is done,
The glorious cause of Woman won,
And conquered Man now quakes to feel
Upon his neck the high French heel.

Yet, in our great triumphant hour,
Shall we, like Man, abuse our power
And make of him the hapless victim
He made of Woman ere she licked him?

Nay, sisters be it our desire
To heap his head with coals of fire
And let him find a foe in us
Not merely just but generous.

The vanquished tyrant sees at length
That we possess the giant's strength;
But, if he do not prove defiant,
We will not use it like a giant.

The light and tender touch, the heart
Of mercy—these are Woman's part,
And in the age that dawns to-day
All thoughts of vengeance shall away.

We will not, in vindictive spite,
Degrade the foe, as well we might;
But let us rather in the sequel
Treat him as though he were an equal.

We don't propose to bar the spheres
Of all professional careers,
But unto men shall be committed
The work for which we find them fitted.

The Church between us we'll divide,
An equal share for either side,
Apportioned in the proper way—
The rectors we, the curates they.

So, also, will we leave ajar
The door that leads one to the Bar
And freely let them take their places
As devils unto us, the K.C.'s.

The world of business too we'll throw
Ope to our conscience-stricken foe,
And leave who can to make his mark
As office-boy or junior clerk.

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Long practice has made Miss Alice Brown so complete a mistress of the art of "short-story" writing that one begins each of the sixteen tales in her "Country Neighbors" with a comfortable assurance that it will end precisely as it should, whether pathetically or humorously, and that no little enjoyment will come to the reader before the closing page is turned. The mainspring of the story may be the blindness of well meaning but unimaginative husbands and lovers; the salutary self-will of their mates; or the foibles of selfish middle age, but the mechanism is always flawless, and the small volume will be a most agreeable companion for summer afternoons. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Elizabeth Dejeans's "The Heart of Desire" so little resembles her first book, "The Winning Chance" that comparison is hardly possible, but it is a long and very well-plotted family romance, of which it is hardly possible to give an outline without revealing all its mysteries. Two women and three men, one a mercenary villain, are the chief characters, and California is the scene, but the strongest interest lies in a man's faithful love, one of those unselfish passions which belong to no century and no meridian, but are dominant

from the beginning. The author succeeds in making her characters grow before the reader's eyes, the heroine developing from an amiable, patient girl to a clever, gracious woman, and this indicates a perceptible advance in her art. Three colored pictures signed by "The Kenneys," illustrate the story. J. B. Lippincott Company.

In Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Cavanagh, Forest Ranger" the hero's struggle with the perfect lawlessness of a region of Wyoming in which neither the police nor the sheriff is properly detached from the law-breaking element is the most important element of the plot, but the heroine has the task of reconciling herself to an uncommonly uncongenial environment. Returning to her home after a ten years' absence at school, she finds her mother the keeper of a very dirty hotel of doubtful reputation, the name of her dead father a byword, and hardly a man or woman in the town capable of understanding her. She institutes household reforms, she makes friends with the forest officials who visit the hotel, and in time discovers certain ameliorating circumstances in her lot, and is left on the eve of marriage with the hero. The forest work and the difficulties in the way of its prosecution are skilfully set forth and the author's sympathy with Mr. Pinchot is evinced with less reserve than is generally exhibited by novelists, when treating contemporary matters. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. H. Belloc's indolent irony never repeats itself, and his former volume of little essays "On Nothing and Kindred Subjects" is supplemented, not imitated in "On Everything," the lately published collection of about forty brief papers originally contributed to the *Morning Post*. The papers are sometimes imaginative, as for instance a glimpse of Hanno in his club in Carthage;

sometimes descriptive of nature, as "On Some Little Horses"; again half-historic like "The Weald" and "On London and the Houses in it"; and sometimes they are airily prophetic; they may be satirical like "A Reconstruction of the Past," a description of the present as it may conceivably appear to the future archæologist. Such papers are at a disadvantage when read consecutively, even when ingeniously assorted to give variety, but Mr. Belloc's are among the very best of their kind, being well written and full of small originalities of thought and expression. More than one of his themes have been recently treated by authors much better known than he, but the interest of his work is not thereby lowered. Young writers for the press will find him as well worth studying as the Henry James of the early days before the dash and the parenthesis transformed his style, and their elders will be grateful for a writer whose humor is not brutally paradoxical. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Having all the courts and crowned heads of Europe at his mercy to prove Miss Frances Baird's thesis that the real history of modern times will always be suppressed for reasons of state, Mr. Reginald Kauffman proceeds in his "My Heart and Stephanie" to show precisely when, where and how a certain Prince, long reputed dead, really perished. It is a very good real mystery and in the story it is so entwined with many others that one is kept in comfortable darkness to the end, but why Stephanie loves Sammy and for his sake abandons her country and becomes an American citizen, is also a mystery, for Sammy is only moderately clever and moderately brave, and her bestowal of her affections upon him is extraordinarily sudden. Frances Baird and the Austrian ambassador to the Elysée are excellent

figures, and the villain with the usual consonantal villain's name is well imagined. As for the real prince, he is assuredly beyond being grieved by Mr. Kauffman's unceremonious treatment of him, and the other two against whom he brings charges will probably never hear of the sins imputed to them. The publication of these fables in a book oddly coincides with the great solicitude of certain writers in current magazines as to the present accuracy of the American press. The American novel is as responsible for current misinformation in regard to international affairs as the American newspaper, and any consideration of the subject must extend its scope to light fiction such as this. The book is illustrated by two excellent portraits in color, and is bound attractively. L. C. Page & Co.

Mrs. Mary S. Watts is an ardent disciple of Thackeray and her "Nathan Burke" is one long reminder of "Henry Esmond," not because her personages are like those in the great English romance, for they are totally different; not because there are some parallel incidents, as for instance Quitman's dislike of Scott and Webb's hatred of Marlborough and the belief of each subordinate that he is detested by his chief; but because her mind is so attuned to the Thackeray manner, that she turns her phrases and sentences to harmonize with it, and also because she has caught her model's very trick of musingly slipping from the present to the past and back again to the present. Inasmuch as one may not have a new Thackeray novel in reality here is a fair substitute. The hero's career is traced from his penniless boyhood through his years of service in the household of a rich man whose little niece adores him, and whose dull son despises him, upward through the years in which he builds more stately man-

sions for his soul, studying and reading and making himself a man. The "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" election business, and the Mexican war serve him as schools and his friends are his involuntary teachers aided by a girl or two, and matrons of many sorts. Both the women and the men are well described, are consistent and natural, and although the size of the book is formidable at first one would not wish to spare one of its 628 pages. It is a clear glass through which one may see the people of the United States of its time. The author has studied the manners and life of the time to better purpose than most historians. "Nathan Burke" ranks very high among recent American historical novels. Macmillan Company.

Captain Vladimir Semenoff's former works, "Rasplata" and "The Battle of Tsushima" have made their way to the hearts of American and English readers in spite of the large number of volumes put forth by Japanese writers and sympathizers with Japan, but his "The Price of Blood," now issued, demands attention less for its historical value, than for its frank revelations as to the actual feelings of a wounded prisoner of war. The book is a transcription of the author's diary in hospital and in prison camp, presenting gaps on the days when pain or weakness paralyzed him, but with no changes or additions; consequently, both the record of his sensations and of his impressions of his captors are fresh, and more valuable than if carefully polished. When the Japanese sympathetically inform their prisoners of the Czar's message of thanks to them, he feels their delicacy. When they admit all manner of anarchical literature and speakers to the camp of the prisoners of war, saying, "Our rule is 'Injure your enemy in whatsoever way you can,'" he calls them nothing worse than cynical, and

when mutiny follows, he records it without passion, although with feeling. His arrival in his own country, a plunge into riots and disorder and the promise of a court martial for all the officers from the Admiral downward end the book. When he heard that this was to be the "price of blood" shed for Russia he found his diary, crossed out his promise to Russia of all his blood and all his strength for the remainder of his life, and wrote, "For my country—yes. But with you, I have paid my reckoning," "you" meaning the Naval Ministry. The tale is melancholy, but memorable as one of the logical results of the working of the anomalous policy by which the machinery of Russian government is directed, and it should be read by those engaged in studying the Empire at large or any group of its citizens, official, military, or rebellious. E. P. Dutton & Co.

If in these days when it is regarded as rather narrow-minded to observe Sunday in the fashion of the fathers, there be any child to whom all but religious books are denied Sunday afternoons, let him take the Rev. Henry H. Jessup's "Fifty-three Years in Syria," and be thankful that he is not as the heathen who read the comparatively dull "Rob the Rifle-Ranger," or "Digger, Detective." Let him take it, that is, unless both of his parents are reading it, and neither of the two big volumes can be wrested from them; it makes no difference which one he obtains, unless he entertains vain prejudices as to consecutive reading, for he cannot turn two pages without finding a good story. The first volume is perhaps the better for a boy, as it tells of a wilder period and contains less serious exposition of the political situation. There is a difference between

the Syria of 1856, when a missionary might live in an unspeakable hovel and be thankful that a roof covered him and when he could hear of no native woman who could read; and the Syria of colleges, of women rapidly advancing to emancipation from the old Moslem restrictions; of an American press sending its products to three continents; of railways; of Sunday schools and Sunday school songs written to music in the European mode, and of Pan Islamism and New Turkey. One of the chief causes of the difference is the work done by Dr. Jessup and his companions, as all the Protestant world is aware, and his long and thorough acquaintance with the country gives extraordinary value to his opinions on the present position of all parties in Syria and the countries the affairs of which are inextricably entangled with its own. The outline history of the Syria Mission from 1820 to 1900 and the appended statistics to 1909 should silence the stock jests as to the ratio between dollars and years of missionary sacrifice on one side, and the number of converts on the other. But, the good stories for the small boy, and the politics for the student of international affairs, even the statistics of mission success will as the reader comes nearer the last page fall into their proper place as here subordinate to the figure of a real man, and all the more surely, that save for an occasional jest at his own expense, the writer is evidently quite indifferent as to the impression made by his own character. He has so long lived for ends above his own welfare, beyond his own interest; he has so struggled for the success of his Master's work that in his own eyes he is nothing. So much the more reason why his book should be widely read. Fleming H. Revell Company.

